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THE BIG SCARE. SCENES AT THE CONSUL'S OFFICE.

BY F. B. M.

O! pray, Mr. Consul, now what shall I do?
They say I'll be drafted. Oh, dear, is that true?
Although I've enjoyed all a citizen's right,
Yet, good Mr. Consul, I didn't bargain to fight;
I'm a true, loyal Briton, and always have been,
And only can fight for England's good Queen;
So, dear Mr. Consul, my passports secure,
And from Jonathan's draft my exemption procure.

Vare ist de Consul, for all ist not right;
I vant mine bassort—by dam, me no fight;
I no like de war—it ist not vary nice—
And may-be get shot a couple times twice.
To mine own fatherland I will go right away;
I no stop in such countries von other day.
If de rebel make troubles, and take all de fort,
Let de Yankee fight—I vant mine bassort.

You're not goin' to become yerself, Micky avic,
I know you'd not do such a mane, dirty trick;
As to run away now, play a coward's false part
And live under that dog you hate in yer heart.
Come, turn back, man, and join the "Brigade,"
We'll bate all the rebels, now, don't be afraid.
Throw away your passports, enlist in the ranks,
And gain by yer courage America's thanks.

FIENDISH REVENGE.

AND

MIRACULOUS ESCAPE.

We were fast friends, Roderick and I, and in our work or play were inseparable. Where he was, there was I; where I was, there would be he. Yet in all our pursuits we were rivals. In all our games we were opposed; and in our studies we contended against each other for the little silver medal yearly awarded to the best scholar of our village school. And our friendship did not suffer by this rivalry; it seemed rather to increase, and when one came off victor the other was as pleased to see his friend successful as though he had been so himself.

And so the sunny hours of childhood sped by, and we stepped forth into manhood still as inseparable as in boyhood. We worked together, we played together, and visited together; his friends were mine, and mine were his.

Among all the girls of the village there was none so universally beloved as Kate Eston; none who knew so well the art of making all around her happy. She was not pretty, so strangers said, but each moment passed in her presence only served to render her still more lovely in your eyes. Such was Kate Eston; and is it any wonder I loved her? I did no more than all the young men in the village did, or had done.

I had no thought in which she did not stand foremost. And this one secret I hugged close in my own bosom. I did not confide it to Roderick; hiding it as something too sacred to breathe even to him. And now he and I were not so much together as usual, for when I sought Kate's side I longed to be alone with her, and I could not take even my dearest friend with me to show her smiles, though but for the moment.

Well, in time she confessed she loved me, and in answer to my loving words of persuasion, consented to be mine. Was I not happy? My heart seemed bursting from me with the excess of its bliss, and I forgot to shout aloud to the world my joy and happiness. But Kate had whispered to me at parting, "wait a little," and so I kept the secret to myself as well as might be, and waited.

The evening of the following day I passed with Roderick, at his rooms, and tried to appear as usual to him; but I could not. At last we ceased talking altogether, and Roderick went to reading, as I thought, while I, still busy with my own thoughts, sat gazing out before me into vacancy. After a time I awoke from this reverie, and looking at my friend, I saw him with the book dropped leisurely on his lap, looking out, as I had done, into space, but with a troubled, anxious expression on his countenance. I was astonished: how could any one be sad, while the world looked so bright? What was burdening his heart, that I did not know?

"Roderick! Roderick!" I exclaimed.

"Well! ah! oh yes! did you speak to me?" he replied, starting.

"What in the world is the matter? Why, you look as grave as though some terrible misfortune had befallen you."

"Do I? Ah, well, there has, perhaps."

"And you didn't tell me?" I exclaimed, in great surprise.

"No," said he, smilingly, I was afraid you could not sympathize with me, as you lacked experience in the matter."

"Indeed!" I said, inquiringly.

"Were you ever in love?" he asked, abruptly, with his eyes fixed in deep attention on the leaves of the book, which he was rapidly turning over. The question confused me, and I stammered out a few words in reply, which were uttered so indistinctly, however, that he did not comprehend them.

"Well, I didn't suppose you had been or I'd have heard of it, of course; but for my part I confess I am in love," he said, speaking the last words very slowly and distinctly, as though he shrank from saying them, and by a great effort forced their utterance.

"With whom?" I asked, all my sympathy being instantly aroused.

"With whom?" he exclaimed, looking up at me with surprise. "Why, who could it be but—Kate Eston?"

I could not utter a sound, but sat gazing at him in speechless amazement. I had never suspected this, and now I was unable to bring it home to myself. "What! did Roderick love my Kate?"

"Why, what else you? It is not strange that I should love the most angelic woman the world ever saw, is it?"

"Impossible!" I exclaimed.

"Impossible—and why is it impossible?"

"What, Kate—my Kate?"

"Yours?" he cried, springing up from his chair;

"yours? and how came she yours, pray? Let him win her who can. If you love her, take care, for I tell you she shall most surely be mine."

"She will never, never break her vow to me," I cried, vehemently. "She has promised to be my wife, and so sure as God grants life to us, so sure she will be."

While I uttered that sentence what a change his fea-

tures had undergone. It was no longer Roderick that stood before me, but a devil, with all the most fearful passions of the damned showing in his distorted countenance. Then with a smile, such as only the Prince of Darkness will ever wear again, he raised his finger toward the door, and nodding his head slowly toward me, motioned me from the room. I left, completely stupefied with the dreadful sight of his face with all those contending passions so visible on it. And this was our parting. And thus was the friendship of years severed in a moment.

On the following morning it was announced that Roderick had disappeared, leaving behind him, to explain his conduct, two letters, one to his mother, and one to myself. To his mother he wrote affectionately, as was his wont; but to me he had written with all the bitterness which it is possible for one human being to show towards another. He accused me with having seen his love for Kate, and of carrying my old feeling of rivalry even into such a matter as this. I had worked in a base and underhand manner, to supplant him in her heart. He bade me tremble for the future, for most surely would he at some future day punish my treachery in a manner so dreadful that in the end I would curse myself and the world, and only think with bitterness on one now so loved.

I saw all this was written under great excitement, and pitying him with his crushed heart, I forgave him, hoping he would in time acquit me of all want of friendship for himself. And when a little more time was gone, Kate and I were married, with prospects of much happiness.

We never heard of Roderick but once (until the time of the occurrences of which I mean soon to tell you), and then it was rumored in our village, that he had at last succeeded to the estates of his uncle, which he had been long in expectation of, as the old man had been for many years in exceedingly delicate health, and Roderick was his only heir. But these estates were miles away from our pleasant little village, and so I saw nothing of their proprietor. After a time, when the market to which I was in the habit of taking my produce seemed to be rather dull, I thought I should be able to make more favorable sales by visiting the town of S.

Thither, one morning, I wended my way, relieving the tedium of the journey by singing snatches of songs and whistling my favorite airs. And thus I passed the time until I reached a point some ten or twelve miles from my home, when suddenly I received from some unseen hand, a blow that completely stunned me. When I recovered the use of my faculties, I found myself lying in a strange room, which I had never been in before, and watched by a fair-looking woman of apparently some twenty-three or four years of age, but who had an expression on her countenance indicative of such viciousness that the sight of her was absolutely painful to me. Yet I lay there quietly gazing at her with a strange kind of fascination, such as is said to be felt on encountering the eye of a basilisk, trying to read her soul, yet never seeing below the surface which she had carefully prepared for exhibiting to the world. At length, happening to look up from the case of beautiful and strangely cut little glass bottles, which she had been before attentively surveying, she caught my eye, and immediately coming to my side, she bent over me and said, in tones of studied softness, at the same time laying her hand upon my brow,

"Are you better now?"

"Yes," I answered, at the same time leaping from the bed.

"It is time, then," she said, and gently turned from me.

"Time for what?" I inquired.

"You shall know in a moment; have patience, my dear sir," and giving the bell cord a delicate little pull, she resumed her occupation of gazing at and arranging the little bottles in the case before her. A few minutes of silence followed; she apparently so much absorbed in her occupation as to have completely forgotten my presence; and I, astonished and bewildered by the scene before me, stood motionless and silent, gazing at that singular woman.

After a time the door of the room opened, and two men entered. She looked up for a moment from the case, and nodding her head toward me, said, quietly, "There he is," and then resuming her occupation, paid no more attention to either myself or those who had just entered.

One of the men came forward, and said, bowing gravely to me,

"The master is waiting, will you favor him with your company a moment?"

I mechanically followed the man out of the room, and into the long passage which opened to me as I passed through the door. I had not taken three steps in the passage before my arms were suddenly pinioned behind me, and I was rudely seized and hurried along to an apartment in a distant part of the building. When we entered the room it was occupied by a man who was standing with his back to us, looking out of a window. At the noise of our entrance he turned quickly round, and advancing rapidly towards us, shook his fist in my face, hissing through his clenched teeth,

"I have you at last, you dog. I'll—I'll—" and unable to utter a word, choked by his fierce passion, he subsided into silence, glaring at me with demonic rage, and grinding his teeth together, till a harsh echo quivered faintly in the air, as though unseen devils around us were muttering imprecations. His face was blotched with great patches of purple and red and white, while his veins were swelled till they seemed like great cords drawn beneath his skin. His eyes, bloodshot and flaming, seemed bursting from his head. And thus we stood before each other with no word spoken, no sound breaking the silence, save only the awful grating sound of his teeth ground together, and the noise of his breathing as his breath hissed through his contracted throat.

Clutching his gown over his heart, he dragged and struggled at it as though he would tear from his breast the words that his lips refused to utter. As I looked upon him, I knew him—certainly, surely, I felt no doubt. I knew it was Roderick.

At last speech returned to him, and he poured out upon me a torrent of bitter invective, accusing me of all that was vile and mean, and vowing a most dreadful vengeance on me for what I had done.

"You shall know," he cried fiercely, "what it is to see a terrible death approaching slowly but surely, while you have no power to avert it. You shall hunger; you shall thirst; you shall suffer the torments of the damned; you shall—you shall—" and again his utterance was choked. At his motion the two men seized me, and hurrying me from the apartment, carried me through long and dismal galleries, and musty, mouldering rooms, till we halted in a small chamber, situated, apparently, in a narrow turret, for windows from three sides opened into it, although they were then boarded up, and the only light was that derived from a small lamp swinging from the ceiling, directly over a grating which covered what appeared to be a well, opening into the room. I afterwards learned that this well had once contained a circular stairway, but that the doors and windows had, for some cause, been walled up a long while before.

One of the men raised the grating I spoke of, and the other forced me, in spite of my struggles, into the mouth

of the pit. I expected to have fallen, and been dashed to pieces below, but instead, I found myself in a sort of basket, which, as soon as I had been forced into it, was lowered into the gloomy depths beneath me. Down, down I went into darkness, into stench, into all the horrors that such a dreadful place could well contain. At last the bottom was reached, and then the cord by which I had been lowered was loosened from above, and it came down, down upon me, circling and snapping around me, cutting and bruising my face and back as it lashed against them in its fall. And then all was still, and I was left alone with my thoughts, in that dreadful darkness, whither no light could come, save only the faint rays of the lamps high above me, shining feebly through the grating at the mouth of the pit—in that awful silence, where no sound was heard, save only the indistinct murmuring of the river on which the house was situated, as its waves lashed up against the walls of my cell; in that dreadful stench which arose from the damp and slimy walls around me, where great scales of filth hung decaying and rotting. I got out from the bucket and felt round the sides of my prison. Wherever I laid my hand it was imbedded in vile slime and rotting moss, that only such a place as this can produce. As I walked, my feet sunk in filth and ruin that had lain undisturbed for years, and now, at every step, sent up volumes of suffocating gas that sickened and dizzied me.

And then I stopped back into the bucket again, and crouched there, not daring to hope, yet fearing to despair. But soon another horror assailed me. There were rustling sounds above me, and then there fell down upon me a heavy shower of water. And it continued steadily, without ceasing, without breaking, to pour upon me. As it streamed down my cheeks and ran into my mouth, it tasted bitter and salt, and I spat it out, and closed my mouth tightly against it. At first it was very pleasant to my heated brain to feel it pattering on my bare head; but in a little while my head became sore, and then each drop that struck upon it produced pain and torture indescribable. I leaped from the bucket and plunged furiously through the mud and filth at the bottom of my cell, splashing in my face the filthy water now covering the vile rottenness beneath; but there was no escape from that dreadful rain; on all sides it fell in torrents, beating upon and crushing me beneath its ever increasing weight. A little while longer and I should have been mad, when I bethought me to tear off my clothing and protect my head with it. A minute more and I had my shirt bound above my head, though the filth that had been splattered upon it rolled slowly down my face, as the falling water dissolved it, and nearly suffocated me. But my head was relieved, and then I waded back to the bucket, which was now floating, though it was now nearly full of water. I got into it and crouched down, shivering with the cold, and shrinking from the drops of water that were falling down upon me steadily and unceasingly.

I had no means of noting time, for the change from day to night made no difference to me in my cell, while the only light I had was from the lamps swinging from the mouth of this awful pit; but it seemed to me weeks went dragging by while I remained in that noisome hole. And I hungered and thirsted, and prayed for death, yet feared to die. And still the water fell in torrents, and, having no vent, began slowly to fill up my prison, while I clung to the bucket, seeking to shun the death which I felt certain must sooner or later come. I shuddered to think of the deep slowly approaching when the grating would prevent my sing out the water, and then they would fill up above me, and I should die alone, in misery and horror.

And during all this time I was fed by my torturer with a refined cruelty worthy of a demon. At times I would see between light and myself, a little basket lowered from the grating, and hang suspended a few feet above me. In that basket was a small loaf and a bottle of fresh water. The food was saturated with bitter water, when at last I obtained it, yet I ate it ravenously. When that basket hung above me, just out of my reach, my breast was torn with conflicting emotions that almost unseated my reason. I prayed to reach it, yet I could only obtain it by the rising of the water which must eventually drown me. Hours at a time I would see that basket before I could grasp in my hands, and all that time I was tortured by the sight of food, while my body was perishing for the want of it.

And thus the time went by, until the water had almost reached the grate. And now, as my eyes had grown accustomed to the darkness, I could see the side of my cell, and could mark on them the rise of the water; and I watched it with horror as I saw it slowly creeping up the wall, nearer and nearer to the point where it would overwhelm me.

What tongue can tell the horrors suffered during my confinement in this awful place! Reminded with the cold, I had yet to exert my stiffened limbs, and bend myself down in the huge bucket, that I might bail out with my hands the water continually falling into and filling it up. The constant dripping of the water had made my body sore to the touch, and every motion drew from me a groan; while hunger and thirst had so wasted me away that I was reduced to a mere skeleton. But now my end seemed near. Already was my head pressed against the bars of the grating; while clinging to them with both hands, I forced myself against them, and tried by this means to preserve my life a few minutes longer. It is hard to die, at any time, but oh, it was horrible to be murdered in this way, and in my agony I shrieked aloud in alternate prayers and imprecations.

And now the water came up slowly, slowly around my chin and over my lips, and I could no longer scream; up farther and farther into my nostrils, strangling, drowning me. Hope had completely died out, yet I clung fiercely, with my wasted fingers, to the bars which were holding me down beneath the water.

Of a sudden the sides of my cell shook and reeled; the waters around me trembled and quivered, and then began slowly to sink away from me. Down they went, below my chin, below my neck, giving me breath, giving me life a little longer. I let go my hold on the bars, and clung to the great bucket which was now floating bottom upward beside me.

What could have caused this sudden receding of the water? Was this a new feature in my torture. I mentally asked myself, or had this blissful thought—burst the walls of their prison and found their way to the river without? At this my heart beat till it sounded in my ears like a great muffled drum; and, small as was the hope, it filled my soul with such joy that I could have sung aloud my exultation.

Down I sank—the roaring of the escaping waters dimly reaching my ears. After a time the waters began to move slowly round, and I moved with them, slowly, slowly; then, increasing in rapidity, they flew round and round, till, dizzied with the motion, I fell from the bucket, and, sucked down by the whirl, was drawn through the opening in the wall, and rolled and tumbled over the sharp and cutting rocks into the river beyond. Stunned and bruised, my weakened body could no longer sustain all this torture, and I fainted.

When I came to I was lying on my back on the green sward on the river bank, and round me were seated a half dozen rough looking men, lolling on their elbows and smoking. As I opened my eyes and drew a sobbing

breath, one of them took his pipe from his mouth quietly, and remarked to a companion:

"I won yer sixpence, Jim, this ere cove has come to."

"He has, ha?" responded the other, and then the whole group got up lazily, and looked at me with sleepy curiosity.

"Here, young one," said the first speaker, "take a pull," and he poured down my throat a mouthful of the vilest liquor, which had the effect to revive me.

"Where am I?" I asked, in a faint voice.

"See here, covey," was the reply, "we ain't going to S. these four hours yet; when we do we'll wake you up and answer your question. Close up and go to sleep, old boy, you need it, Lord knows, from the looks of you."

And then two or three coats were thrown on me by way of covering. My exhausted frame could stand no more, and I slept.

A NEAPOLITAN DUEL.

The town of Ostuni, in the Apulian district of the Neapolitan dominions, is noted for a celebrated duel which took place about the year 1684, the details of which are so strongly indicative of the manners of the times, that they may perhaps plead an excuse for their insertion. The management of the sword, as an offensive and defensive weapon, was at that period not only considered as the most fashionable and manly accomplishments which a nobleman could possess, but was generally practised by all ranks of persons; for it is noted, that even at a less remote era, the fishermen of Taranto, after the daily labors imposed by the exercise of their profession, were wont to meet in the evening and resort to the recreation of fencing. The barbarous custom of duelling maintained in its full force by false notions of honor and prerogative, the inefficiency of the laws, and the errors of feudal institutions, contributed no doubt to enoble this sanguinary art, and extend the prevalence of its exercise throughout the realm.

The Count of Conversano, and the Prince of Francavilla, were the two most powerful lords in Lower Apulia—the former boasted of his ancient descent, his numerous titles, and his great domains, and numbered among his predecessors a succession of nobles whose tyrannical and violent disposition had designated them as a race dreaded by their inferiors, and hated by their equals. The Prince of Francavilla was of Genoese extraction, but his family had been settled in the kingdom from the time of Charles V., and he emulated the Count in pride, while he surpassed him in wealth. Their territories joined, and the constant litigations arising out of their inordinate but ill timed jurisdiction, were hereby superadded to the long list of mutual injuries recorded by both families. Their animosity broke out at Naples, on some trifling occasion, when they were both in their carriage; and after a long contest of words the Count of Conversano challenged the Prince of Francavilla to decide their difference by the sword. The latter declined this mode of combat as ill suited to his age and infirmities, but consented to the duel if the arms might be exchanged for pistols. His antagonist, who was esteemed the best swordsman in the kingdom, insisted on his first proposal, and excited the prince to accede to it by the application of several blows with the flat side of his weapon. An insult so grossly offered in the public streets, authorized the existing government, carried on through the administration of a Viceroy, to suspend or check the consequences likely to arise, by placing the aggressor under arrest for a time, and subsequently ordering them both to retire to their respective estates.

But the feeling of unsatisfied hatred in the one, and of insulted pride in the other, were not likely to be allayed by this exclusion from the world; and in a short time the Prince of Francavilla proposed a champion in his cause, in the person of his sister's only son, the Duke of Martina. This young man was but just returned from his travels, and his education was not completed, so that although the Count of Conversano admitted, with a brutal anticipation of success, the substitution of this youthful adversary, it was agreed that a year should elapse previous to the final termination of their differences; and the field of battle was fixed at Ostuni, the jurisdiction of which had been previously claimed and disputed by both noblemen. The eyes of the whole kingdom were directed with anxious and fearful expectation to this spot; but the wishes of the majority were entirely on the side of the Duke of Martina, whose youth, accomplishments, and amiable disposition called forth the interest of all ranks. His uncle, actuated more by the apprehension of shame in the event of defeat than by feelings of affection for his relative, endeavored to insure success by the following stratagem:—A gentleman, who had been some time, as was the custom in those days, a retainer in his family, left it abruptly one night, and sought the Count of Conversano's castle, into which he gained admission by a recital of injurious treatment and fictitious wrongs, heaped upon him by the tyrannical and arbitrary temper of the Prince of Francavilla. A complaint of this nature was always the passport to the count's favor and good graces, and he not only admitted this gentleman to the full enjoyment of his princely hospitality, but, having heard that he was an experienced and dexterous swordsman, passed most of his time in practising with him that art, which he soon hoped would insure the triumph he valued most on earth. A few days previous to that fixed for the duel, the guest, under pretence of paying a visit to his relatives, withdrew from the Count of Conversano's territories, and secretly returned to those of his employer, where he lost no time in communicating to his nephew all the particulars and advantages repeated experiments had enabled him to remark in the count's manner of fencing. The Duke of Martina was thereby taught that the only chance of success which he could look to, was by keeping on the defensive during the early part of the combat; he was instructed that his antagonist, though avowedly the most able manager of the sword in the kingdom, was extremely violent, and that if he could parry the thrusts made on the first attack, however formidable from superior skill and strength of wrist and arm, he might perhaps afterwards obtain success over an adversary whose person, somewhat inclined to corpulency, would speedily become exhausted from the effects of his own impetuosity.

The Duke of Martina, furnished with this salutary advice, and strong in the conviction of what he deemed a just cause, awaited in calm anxiety the day of battle; and the behaviour of the two combatants on the last morning strongly characterized their different dispositions, as well as the manners and habits of the age they lived in. The Duke of Martina made his will, confessed himself, and took an affectionate leave of his mother, who retired to her oratory to pass in prayer the time her son devoted to the conflict; while the Count of Conversano ordered a sumptuous feast to be prepared, and invited his friends and retainers after the fight; he then carelessly bled his wife farewell.

They met at the place appointed; it was an open space before a monastery of friars at Ostuni; but these good fathers, by their intercession and prayers, prevailed upon the combatants to remove to another similar plot of ground in front of the Capuchin convent, in the same town. Here the bishop and clergy, carrying the Host in solemn procession, attempted in vain to dissuade them from their bloody purpose; they were dismissed with scorn, and the duel began. It was of long duration, and afforded the duke an opportunity of availing himself of

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Continued from page 199.

FOREIGN DRAMATIC AND SHOW NEWS.

From our latest London letters we perceive that neither John Brougham nor Mons. Fichet's idea of coming over here about these days. The latter has positively taken the hint from Edmund Falconer, and will open it about Christmas, with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews, Samuel Phelps, John Brougham, and "such like," led by himself. George Vining, his stage manager, ought to know.

Lotty Hough is among the stock at Drury Lane.

Etie Henderson has engagements for the Theatre Royal, Liverpool, and the Marybone, London, but her health is not favorable at present. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is the attraction at the latter house, and it is thought to sustain the character. Etie will show our London friends a Topsy as is a Topsy.

The Great Exhibition closes on the 31st Oct.

Dion Boucault is not to have a new theatre built, although his course after November is not yet settled in his own mind.

London brings out "Jessie Brown," at Drury Lane, with some additions from "The Two Orphans," and the story of the shipwreck of Arabs as the Scotch people has long known and engaged some of the British soldiers who were actually engaged at Lucknow, so as to give full effect to the battle scenes. This shows his natural genius for getting up "cards" with "sensation pictures" upon them. By the way, Boucy is said to have become the red hero of a scan. mag. affair, and Mrs. Geo. Jordan the having so of a previous circumstances of a similar nature.

Some persons have been talking of a separation of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Jordan, of course there was a "cooling off" among the parties concerned. But, Mr. J. having lately had occasion to see Mr. B. on some business, found him in a situation which may be called both "enviable" or "unenviable" according to how the surrounding circumstances might be estimated by different people. Boucy had to seek protection for himself, and a screen for the lady, and was obliged to wear the uniform of a certain "Colonel." In the meantime, Henderson's George goes about swearing that he will shoot Boucy. P. 8.—At latest dates, George had not shot Dion.

A new one-act comedy has been successfully produced at the Olympia, London, by Horace Wigan. It is adapted from the French, and called "Real and Ideal."

"Considerable" of a row seems to have commenced at the

The anniversary of Goethe's birthday (28th Aug.) was celebrated all over Germany, and particularly at the theatres, where his plays were that night more or less on the bills. The most general favorite seems to have been "Goetz of the Iron Hand."

John Brougham is said to have "signed himself away" as member of Mons. Fechter's company, preparing to appear

are giving their famous entertainments in the large towns of the Eastern counties.

ITEMS IN BRIEF.

length they again came together, but it was soon evident that bar accident, Newton must win, and after tugging away twenty-five minutes, Newton again sent him to "grass," was hailed the winner.

GREAT SIX MILES CHAMPIONSHIP RACE.
MILLS DEFEATS LANG.

first prize, "Arrow," from Hamilton; second, "Breeze," Brantford; third, "Maple Leaf," also of Brantford.

GREAT GAME OF CROQUET.

W., Sept. 17, for prizes of \$45, \$30, and \$20. The winners were: first prize, "Arrow," from Hamilton; second, "Breeze," Brantford; third, "Maple Leaf," also of Brantford.

ingham nor Mons. Fechter have any idea of coming over here at these days. The latter has positively taken the Lyceum

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1. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 1997; 277: 1033-1037.

and the prosecutor was the son of the late Ben Caunt, the known proprietor of a public house in St. Martin's-lane. It was a matter of great importance to the prosecutor that he should have his house conducted with great propriety and decorum, in

sequence of the license having been forfeited during his father's lifetime. He had, therefore, determined at all times to resist to the utmost any attempt at broils and quarrels. It appeared, that on the night of the 29th of last month, some persons visited the bar at the prosecutor's house, and there upon a sudden, were quelled by disturbance, which, with considerable difficulty, was quelled by the prosecutor. That matter was, however, quite foreign to the present inquiry, and therefore he (Mr. Sleight) would briefly confine himself to the facts which implicated the prisoner. They were these:—Between eight and nine o'clock the same evening, the prisoner at the bar, accompanied by some pugilists, went to the prosecutor's house, and upon seeing the prosecutor, the prisoner asked him, "Who struck Patsy Reardon?" It seemed that this Patsy Reardon was the person who had previously created the disturbance at the prosecutor's house. The prisoner, having put the interrogation in a very insulting manner, the prosecutor replied, "I did," adding that "it was no business of the prisoner's," and further stating that the prisoner was to be "beaten." Upon raising his head again, the prisoner caught hold of the prosecutor by the hair of the head, and struck him a severe blow behind the ear with the broken glass, which inflicted a most serious wound. Other wounds were inflicted by the prisoner, and, subsequently, some persons who witnessed the assault, separated the prisoner from the prosecutor. The latter was removed from the front of the bar, and whilst being conveyed, covered with blood, into the parlor, the prisoner threw two glasses at him, but fortunately none of them hit the prosecutor. One of the glasses was thrown with such violence that upon coming in contact with the wall it was shattered into numerous pieces. After this, the prosecutor was taken to Charing Cross Hospital, where he was attended by the house surgeon; happily his wounds, which were, however, of a serious character, were not dangerous. The assault was witnessed by the prosecutor's wife, his sister-in-law, his uncle, and a person named Green, who would prove the facts he (Mr. Sleight) had briefly narrated.

Benjamin Butler cannot said:—I am proprietor of a licensed house, situated at No. 90 St. Martin's-lane. It is known by the sign of the Coach and Horses. On the night of August 29, I returned to my house about eight o'clock in the evening. There was a pugilist named Patsy Reardon in the bar when I got home. Subsequently, and after Reardon had left my house, a man known by the name of "Mick the Grecian" came in, and shortly afterwards the prisoner came into my house, and a short time after he came in, and he went into the parlor, where I was sitting down. The prisoner was accompanied by some persons. He came up to the table where I was sitting, and said, "Who struck Patsy Reardon?" and I said, "I did." The prisoner then said, "What for?" and I replied, "What's that to you? It is no business of yours." I did not then know the prisoner by name, but I asked a friend of mine present who he was, and my friend informed me that it was Ward, the brother of Reardon, the fighting man. The prisoner afterwards said, "If you struck Reardon with a curse, so help me God, I'll murder you." At this time, I had a few words, and subsequently "jawed" one against the other, and ultimately I told him that "it was no business of his," and that "Reardon was big enough to take his own part." The result was that I ordered the prisoner and also "Mick the Grecian" out of the house. The prisoner then went out of the parlor in front of the bar, and I remained in my seat in the parlor. Whilst the prisoner was at the bar, I heard loud talking and "jawing," and when he was "howling," I went in front of the bar. I subsequently went on the outside portion of the counter, to see what was the matter. When I went round, the prisoner was swearing and saying that he would murder me. I afterwards returned to the inside of the bar, upon which the prisoner said, "You are a coward, and you are a scoundrel." I immediately replied, "For the same reason that I should strike you if you said anything about my mother as he did." The prisoner thereupon seized me by the collar, and said, "God strike me dead, I'll murder you!" Having been informed that he was a dangerous character, I laid hold of him, threw him out, and risked my life in the process. Thinking of running up stairs, I turned round to see where the prisoner was, and I saw him get hold of a pint tumbler, "howling" out and swearing all the time whilst he was breaking it against the counter. He knocked the edge of the glass off against the counter, then rushed towards me, with his arm extended, as though he was about to throw the glass at me. To avoid the glass hitting my head, I ducked down, and when I was getting up, the prisoner seized me by the hair with the left hand, and hit me with the other hand with the broken tumbler behind the ear, and knocked me senseless. He hit me three times with the glass to my knowledge. Whilst he was doing this, he accompanied his violence by saying, "I am a tiger when I begin, and I'll show you what I'll do." Whilst the assault was being committed, there were several persons, companions of the prisoner present, who might easily have prevented him continuing the assault if they had chosen. A young man of the name of James dragged me away, and a man named William Green dragged the prisoner away. I was removed through the bar-parlor door, and as I was being dragged through the hall, I saw the prisoner smash the glass against the door-post. The prisoner then seized hold of a quart pot, and before he could throw it, my wife received a terrible blow on his head, and he was perfectly sober at the time when I had not done anything whatever, from beginning to end, to provoke the prisoner to commit the assault. At the time I hiters of and pushed the prisoner it was done in my own defence to try to get away from him. I had had something to drink, but was the sober, and knew perfectly well what I was doing. I was removed to the Charing Cross Hospital, and when I recovered my self, I found myself covered with blood.

In cross-examination by Mr. Pearce, the prosecutor said:—I do not know the name of the prisoner when he first came to my house on the 29th of last month. He was familiar to me by sight, but I did not know his name until it was mentioned by my friend. I have not known him personally for the last dozen years. I was not one of the backers of the man who fought Patsy Reardon. I recollect the fight between Reardon and the prisoner, but I do not know when it was, but it was some time this year. I did not back either of them. When I came home on the evening of Aug. 29, Reardon was in my house, and I fought with him in front of the bar, between 8 and 9 P.M. The prisoner was not present at the time. I am in the habit of sitting in my parlor in the evenings. When the prisoner was present on the night of August 29, it was the first time of his having been there. After the prisoner left the parlor and went in front of the bar, I did not have a glass of ale with him. I was in such a state of sobriety that I could not collect what I had. I had no refreshment whatever with the prisoner. I did not go into the parlor and fight with Mick the Grecian. I did not touch the man, I did not hit him out. I did not strike Mick the Grecian, and give him a black eye. I will swear I did not touch Mick the Grecian at all. I saw him leave the room. I did not see him leave with his hand covering his eye as though he had been struck. After the prisoner left the parlor I went after him in front of the bar. I never returned again into the parlor before I saw the prisoner. I did not see Mick the Grecian come out of the parlor with his hand to his eye, nor did I hear the prisoner say, "What have you struck the little fellow over the eye in that way for?" I cannot say that those words were not used; but I know that Mick the Grecian was not hit. I did not strike Mick the Grecian on the nose, and say that I would serve the prisoner the same. I did not strike the prisoner when he was coming out of the parlor. I did get hold of the prisoner by the hair of the head when he had hold of me with the tumbler in his hand. The injuries which I received were not inflicted with a glass in which the prisoner had gin-and-water supplied to him. When I came out of the parlor I walked straight round the counter, where there were about eight persons. When I was fighting with Reardon, there were about eight persons on the stand, but nothing new was elicited, and the affair finally resulted in the prisoner being committed for trial to the Central Criminal Court on the charge of cutting and wounding with intent to do grievous bodily harm. Bail was accepted in the prisoner's own recognizance of £200, and two other sureties of £100 each.—*En. Clip.*

TREATED TO HIS LIKING.—A countryman went into a store in Boston the other day, and told the keeper that a neighbor of his had entrusted him with some money to be spent to the best advantage, and he meant to do it where he would be treated the best. He had been treated very well in Boston by the traders, and would not part with his neighbor's money until he found a man who would treat him about right. With the utmost civility, the trader says, "I think I can treat you to your own liking, how do you want to be treated?"

"Well," says the countryman with a leer in his eye, "in the first place I want a glass of today," which was forthcoming. "Now I will have a nice cigar," says the countryman. It was promptly handed him, leisurely lighted, and then throwing himself back, with his feet as high as his head, he commenced puffing away like a Dutchman.

"Now, what do you want to purchase?" says the storekeeper. "My neighbor handed me two cents when I left home to buy him a plug of tobacco," answered the countryman, "have you the article?"

The storekeeper stopped instantly, and the next that was heard from him was, that his sides were shaking and his face on fire as he was relating the sell to his friends "down town."

BALL PLAY.

THE BASE BALL CONVENTION OF 1862.—Any base ball club desiring of becoming members of the National Association, must present to the recording secretary thereof (J. R. Postley) a written application, signed by the president and secretary of the club, setting forth its name, date of organization, days, and places of playing, names of its officers and delegates, and the number of members composing the club, the same to be sent in at least thirty days prior to the meeting of the Convention, which takes place early in December next. The annual dues are but two dollars, the initiation fee being five dollars.

Every club in the country should have its name enrolled on the books of the National Association. No club is recognized as of the fraternity, or bound by the rules of the game, that has not become a member of the Association. It is not necessary that every club in the country should send its delegates every year, as it would be expensive and inconvenient for many a do, but it is desirable that every existing club should have a name enrolled on the books of the Association, as a member thereof. There will be an important revision of the rules next season, and we hope to see the fullest representation at the next Convention, that has yet been seen. With a view to promote this object, we give this early notice of the meeting, so that applications for membership may be made in time. Especially do we hope to see a full representation of the Philadelphia and Boston clubs present. New clubs have been organized at Hartford, Providence, &c., and one and all should send in their applications. Communications for the secretary, if addressed to the office, will be sent to him. Once again we say, let every base ball club now in existence in the country send its delegates to the next Convention of the National Association of Base Ball Players, to be held in New York the second Wednesday of December next. We see by late foreign papers that a dispute in regard to the rule regulating bowling has led to the adoption of a Parliamentary of cricketers, viz., a Convention similar to our own, it having been discovered that that is the only plan for mixing a just and equitable code of rules for the guidance of cricket clubs.

STAR vs OLYMPIC.—These clubs played their return game together on Saturday, Sept. 13th, which resulted in a victory for the Stars by a score of 18 to 11. The Olympics played much better in this game than on the previous match, in which the Star beat them by a score of 47 to 24. The score:—

STAR.		BATTING.		OLYMPIC.	
	H. L. RUNS.		H. L. RUNS.		H. L. RUNS.
Waddell, 1st b.	4	2	VanVleet, 1st b.	2	3
Chappell, 1st b.	3	2	Fenn, sr, 2d b.	3	1
Mitchell, c.	3	2	Rushmore, c.	1	2
Chilton, p.	5	2	Condit, 3d b.	4	0
Galpin, 2d b.	3	2	Hutchins, f.	2	2
Powie, 3d b.	1	2	Wallace, s.	3	1
Thomson, 1st b.	2	3	Blake, c.	5	0
McCallough, s.	4	2	T. Fenn, jr, p.	3	1
Kelly, c. f.	3	1	Brown, 1st b.	4	1
Total.	18		Total.	11	

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNING.
1st 2d 3d 4th 5th 6th 7th 8th 9th
Star..... 3 0 0 6 4 0 4 0 1—18
Olympic..... 0 5 0 1 0 3 2 0—11

Umpire—J. Patchen, of Charter Oak Club.

Scores—For Star, G. Chilton; for Olympic, — Baldwin.

MONITOR vs. PERRY.—The first nine of these clubs played a match on Saturday, Sept. 13th on the Junata's ground, at Hoboken, which resulted in favor of the Monitors, after a well contested game. The playing on both sides was excellent. The following is the score:—

MONITOR.		PERRY.	
Heather, 1st b.	2	Brown, c.	3
Marks, f.	4	Snodgrass, f.	2
Brodrick, p.	3	Snodgrass, s.	0
Braided, 1st b.	1	Snodgrass, s.	0
Kelly, 2d b.	3	Stanford, f.	2
Selleck, c.	1	Knackenbush, 1st b.	3
Flynn, c. f.	3	Robins, 3d b.	2
Walsh, s.	0	Smith, c. f.	3
Levy, 3d b.	2	Cowing, p.	2
Total.	17	Total.	9

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNING.
1st 2d 3d 4th 5th 6th 7th 8th 9th
Monitor..... 3 2 1 8 2 1 0 0—17
Perry..... 3 2 1 0 3 0 0 0—9

Scores—For Monitor—J. G. Kettles; Perry, N. Lenon.

Umpire—Mr. Harrison of Gotham, Jr.

Poston musicians who say to this small since of originally

clears.

Our California correspondence is now very profuse, but we

"Sherry Corbin" lead off with his "say," which is dated

Francisco, 2d Sept., and thus discourses:—"My neglect in

communicating with you of late can only be accounted for by

overseas of business, having had my hands full. I am now

managing Gilbert's Melodion and the Willows Garden, and am

preparing an exhibition to commence at Platt's New Music

on the 15th. These are election times, which always have a

pressing effect on our business; but notwithstanding there is

invaluable amount of money expended nightly in our many

of amusement.

The Metropolitan Theatre, after being closed for some time,

re-opened August 11th by a Prodigitator, calling himself

man; he drew several good houses, but towards the close of

two weeks season, his business became very delicate, and

closed his brief career on the 24th, and was succeeded by a

val of the Italian Opera, which opened on the 25th with the

of "Trovatore," which was followed by the "Barber of Seville."

In which Harry Courtaine appeared as Figaro. To-night

Agatha States, the California prima donna, will appear as

porain in "Trovatore," being her first performance of that

character. As she is very popular, I expect the house will be

her sister, Jennie and Alicia Maldey, both appear. To-mor-

row, Lucetta Borgia is announced, with Jennie as Maldey,

being her first attempt in grand opera.

The American Theatre is opened with a joint stock company

under the management of the veteran, Charley Thorne. The

company consists of Julia Dean Hayne, the Thorne family, Mrs.

dah, F. B. Grover, and many other first-rate performers.

are all doing fairly.

The Union Theatre, another joint stock concern, under McKee

Buchanan's management, is also doing fairly; this has been

the Bowery of San Francisco. Blood, thunder, and late hours

are the principal attractions.

"Maguire's Grand House" Varieties, has improved in con-

quence of the engagement of two full companies; the one

has been up country under the management of Maguire, return-

ing to this city, and have been consolidated with the Birch and

company. Their houses are good, but the expenses per

are heavy.

The Union Melodion is still holding its own, and

continues to smile and say business is good.

Of Gilbert's Melodion I shall say but little, as I would not

and you think that I was addicted to blowing my own horn too

constantly.

RESOLUTE vs HARLEM.—The first game between these clubs

was played on the grounds of the former at Brooklyn, on Sept.

20th, the result being a victory for the Harlems by a score of 25

to 21, in a game of five innings. The Harlems had three

substitutes, and did not play one of their best games, and the holding

of the Resolutes was much inferior to that which they displayed in

the Star match. It was not until the 5th innings that the game was

at all interesting, and then some good batting of the Resolutes

nearly gave them the victory; but their holding lost them the ad-

vantage their good batting had given them. The score was as

follows:—

RESOLUTE.		HARLEM.	
Taylor, p.	1	Hudson, c.	1
M. Rogers, 2d b.	1	Gaff, s.	2
Cowperthwaite, f.	3	Knock, 2d b.	3
Allen, 3d b.	1	Page, 1st b.	3
Bliss, 1st b.	3	Birdsall, p.	4
Wilson, f.	3	Ketchum, 2d b.	0
Crough, c.	2	Estes, c. f.	0
Stanton, s.	2	Stephens, f.	2
Vandusen, c.	1	Arnour, f.	1
Total.	21	Total.	25

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNING.
1st 2d 3d 4th 5th 6th 7th 8th 9th
Resolute..... 1 0 5 7 8—21
Harlem..... 2 3 7 6—25

Passed balls—Vandusen, 9; Allen, 4; Taylor, 1; Hudson, 4;

Rooney, 1.

Home runs—Hudson, 1; Crough, 1; Allen, 1.

Struck out—Bliss, 1; Stanton, 1.

Fly catches missed—Vandusen, 2; Stephens, 1.

Blood catches missed—Cowperthwaite, 1; Vandusen, 1; Ste-

phens, 1.

Run out between bases—Page, by Rogers and Bliss.

Fly catches made—Stanton, 1; Crough, 1; Bliss, 2; Allen, 1;

Rogers, 1; Wilson, 1; Stephens, 1; Birdsall, 1.

Time of game—Four hours.

Put out on foul balls—Resolutes, twice; Harlems, 4 times.

Umpire—McKinstry, of the Eckford.

MONSTER TROUT.—Messrs. Asher Shimer and Josiah

Riegel, the latter of the well known dry goods firm of

Riegel, Baird & Co., in Philadelphia, had the good luck

recently to catch a trout in the Manocoy creek, in Sau-

con, Pa., measuring two feet and a half. This is the

largest trout ever caught in that part of the country.

BATTLE BETWEEN A BULL AND GRIZZLY BEAR.

The following incidents occurred in 1849. The officer had lost his mule, and was on foot when he witnessed the fight he thus describes. Here is the story of it:—

After losing my mule, I had proceeded on foot a couple of miles, when I discovered that a large band of Spanish cattle, which had been visible for some time in the distance, began to close in toward the line of my route, evidently with the intention of cutting me off. Their gestures were quite hostile enough to inspire a solitary and unarmed footman with uneasiness. A fierce-looking bull led the way, followed by a lowering regiment of stags, steers, and cows, crowding one upon the other in their furious charge. As they advanced, the leader occasionally stopped to tear up the earth and shake his horns; but the mass kept crowding on, their tails switching high in the air, and uttering the most fearful bellowing, while they tossed their horns and stared wildly, as if in mingled rage and astonishment. I had heard too much of the wild cattle of California, and their hostility to men on foot at this season of the year, not to become at once sensible of my dangerous position.

The nearest tree was half a mile to the left, on the margin of a dry creek. There was a grove of small oaks winding for some distance along the banks of the creek; but between the spot where I stood, and this place of security, scattering bands of cattle were grazing. However, there was no time to hesitate upon a choice of difficulties. Two or three hundred wild cattle, rushing toward one in an open plain, assist him in coming to a very rapid conclusion. I know of no position in which human strength is of so little avail—the tremendous aggregation of brute force opposed to one feeble pair of arms, seems so utterly irresistible. I confess instinct lent me a helping hand in this emergency. Scarcely conscious of the act, I ran with all my might for the nearest tree. The thundering of heavy hoofs after me, and the furious bellowing that resounded over the plain, spread a contagion among the grazing herds on the way, and with one accord they joined in the chase. It is in no spirit of boastfulness that I assert the fact, but I certainly made that half-mile in as few minutes as ever the same distance was made by mortal man. When I reached the tree I looked back. The advance body of the cattle were within a hundred yards, bearing down in a whirlwind of dust. I lost no time in making my retreat secure. As the enemy rushed in, tearing up the earth, and glaring at me with their fierce, wild eyes, I had gained the fork of the tree, about six feet from the ground, and felt very thankful that I was beyond their reach. Still, there was something fearful in being blockaded in such a place for the night. An intolerable thirst parched my throat. The effects of the exertion were scarcely perceptible at first, but as I regained my breath, it seemed impossible to exist an hour longer without water. In this valley the climate is so intensely dry during the summer heats, that the juices of the system are quickly absorbed, and the skin becomes like a sheet of parchment. My head felt as if compressed in a band of iron; my tongue was dry and swollen. I would have given all I possessed, or ever hoped to possess, for a single glass of water.

While in this position, with the prospect of a dreary night before me, and suffering the keenest physical anguish, a very singular circumstance occurred to relieve me of further apprehension respecting the cattle, though it suggested a new danger for which I was equally unprepared. A fine young bull had descended to the bed of the creek in search of a water hole. While pushing his way through the bushes, he was suddenly attacked by a grizzly bear. The struggle was terrific. I could see the tops of the bushes sway violently to and fro, and hear the heavy crash of drift wood, as the two powerful animals writhed in their fierce embrace. A cloud of dust rose from the spot. It was not distant over a hundred yards from the tree in which I had taken refuge. Scarcely two minutes elapsed before the bull broke through the bushes. His head was covered with blood, and great flakes of flesh were seen to fall from his neck. He seemed literally to glow with defeat. Instinct had taught him to seek an open space, a more splendid specimen of an animal I never saw; little more than a wretched, wiry, yet wonderfully massive about the shoulders, combining the rarest qualities of strength and symmetry. For a moment he stood glaring at the bushes, his head erect, his eyes flashing, his nostrils distended, and his whole form fixed and rigid. But scarcely had I time to glance at him when a huge bear, the largest and most formidable I ever saw in a wild state, broke through the

brush, and came rushing toward him. A trial of brute force that baffles description, now ensued. Badly as I had been treated by the cattle, my sympathies were greatly in favor of the bull, which seemed to me to be much the nobler animal of the two. I did not wait to meet the charge; but, lowering his head, he boldly rushed upon his savage adversary. The bear, however, was active and wary. He no sooner got within reach of the bull's horns than he seized them in his powerful grasp, keeping the head to the ground by main strength, and the tremendous weight of his body, while he bit at the nose with his teeth, and raked stripes of flesh from the shoulders with his hind paws. The two animals must have been of very nearly equal weight. On one side, there was the advantage of superior agility, and two sets of weapons—the teeth and claws; but on the other, greater powers of endurance, and more inflexible courage. The position thus assumed was maintained for some time—the bull struggling desperately to free his head, while the blood streamed from his nostrils—the bear straining every muscle to drag him to the ground. To advantage seemed to be gained on either side. The result of the battle evidently depended upon the merest accident.

As if by mutual consent, each gradually ceased struggling, to regain breath, and as much as five minutes must have elapsed while they were locked in this motionless and terrible embrace. Suddenly the bull, by one desperate effort, wrenched his head from the grasp of his adversary, and retreated a few steps. The bear stood up to receive him. I now watched with breathless interest, for it was evident that each animal had staked his life upon the issue of the conflict. The cattle from the surrounding plains had crowded in, and stood moaning and bellowing around the combatants; but as if withheld by terror, none seemed disposed to interfere. Rendered furious by his wounds, the bull now gathered up all his energies, and charged with such impetuous force and ferocity, that the bear, despite the most terrific blows with his paws, rolled over in the dust, vainly struggling to defend himself. The lunges and thrusts of the former were perfectly furious. At length, by a sudden and well-directed motion of his head, he got one of his horns under the bear's belly, and gave it a rip that brought out a clotted mass of entrails. It was apparent the battle must soon end. Both were grievously wounded, and neither could last much longer. The ground was torn up and covered with blood for some distance around, and the panting of the struggling animals became each moment heavier and quicker. Maimed and gory, they fought with the desperate certainty of death—the bear rolling over and over, vainly striking out to avoid the fatal horns of his adversary—the bull ripping, thrusting, and tearing with irresistible ferocity.

At length, as if determined to end the conflict, the

bull drew back, lowered his head, and made one tremen-

dous charge; but blinded by the blood that trickled

down his forehead, he missed his mark, and rolled

headlong on the ground. In an instant the bear whirled

and was upon him. Thoroughly invigorated by the

prospect of a speedy victory, he tore the flesh in huge

masses from the ribs of his prostrate foe. The two

rolled over and over in the terrible death struggle; no

thing was now to be seen save a heaving, gory mass,

dimly perceptible through the dust. A few minutes

would certainly have terminated the bloody strife, so far

as my favorite was concerned, when, to my astonishment, I saw the bear relax in his efforts, roll over from the body of his prostrate foe, and drag himself feebly a few yards from the spot. His entrails had burst entirely through the wound in his belly, and now lay in long strings over the ground. The next moment the bull was on his legs, erect and fierce as ever. Shaking the blood from his eyes, he looked around, and seeing the reeking mass before him, lowered his head for the final and most desperate charge. In the death struggle that ensued, both animals seemed animated by supernatural strength. The grizzly struck out wildly, but with such destructive energy, that the bull, upon drawing back his head, presented a horrible and ghastly spectacle; his tongue, a mangled mass of shreds, hanging from his mouth, his eyes torn completely from their sockets, and his whole face stripped to the bone. On the other hand, the bear was ripped completely open, and writhing in his last agonies. Here it was that indomitable courage prevailed; for, blinded and maimed as he was, the bull, after a momentary pause to regain his wind, dashed wildly at his adversary again, determined to be victorious even in death. A terrific roar escaped from the dying grizzly. With a last frantic effort he sought to make his escape, scrambling over and over in the dust. But his strength was gone. A few more thrusts from his savage victor, and he lay stretched upon the sand, his muscles quivering convulsively, his huge body a resistless mass. A clutching motion of the claws—a groan—a gurgle of the throat, and he was dead.

The bull now raised his bloody crest, uttered a deep, bellowing sound, shook his horns triumphantly, and slowly walked off, not, however, without turning every few steps to renew the struggle if necessary. But his last battle was fought. As the blood streamed from his wounds, a death chill came over him. He stood for some time, unyielding to the last, bracing himself up his legs apart, his head gradually drooping; then dropped on his fore knees, and lay down; soon his head rested upon the ground, his body became motionless; a groan, a few convulsive respirations, and he, too, the noble victor, was dead.

During this strange and sanguinary struggle, the cattle, as I stated before, had gathered in around the combatants. The most daring, as if drawn toward the spot by the smell of blood,

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NEW SERIES—NUMBER ONE.

RAILROAD TRAVELLING A NUISANCE—HUMBUG ALL ROUND—DEAD BEATS.

I think you have heard enough about frail women, fast young men, and questionable places of amusement, in the last three letters, but if you haven't, I have, for this reason—my limited vocabulary on this subject is exhausted, and a change is necessary for the sake of variety. Next to London, for fighting men, comes Birmingham, the hardware village, and we may as well take a run down there as not, for a day or so (I'll do the running if you'll do the imagination business, or fancy you are with me). All aboard, then, and look out for the mosquitoes when the bell rings! In the Parliamentary trains, or "penny-milers," they stop at every little village almost, much to the annoyance of fast young men like the CLIPPER'S crew—not only this, but as our train was only an "excursion train," we had to switch off on the gravel track about forty times, more or less, to let the express go by. This isn't the worst part either, for the railway guards are enough to make an angel curse or even strike out from the shoulder. The whole kit and crew, from ticket-sellers to baggage-smashers, are a set of uncivil dead beats, so far as penny-milers are concerned. You ask a dozen for any little information, and not a one of 'em will answer correctly, if they condescend to do so at all. "Oh! these are only a lot of d-d excursionists," you'll hear them say to each other, "and I ain't going to trouble myself for nothing." Here's the secret—they get little or nothing from third class passengers in the way of petquisites, and won't do the first thing for them. You might sit in the office for a week before they'd move a peg to help get your luggage on or off the cars unless a piece of silver is shown, when they almost fall down and worship a man. At first one doesn't care to be beholden to these scoundrels, but one or two journeys by rail soon work a cure, and almost unconsciously you have goes down for the silver, which is transferred to the porter's as a matter of course. It may be these men get paid so little they have to begin in this way to earn a decent livelihood, and as the different companies are cognizant of their propensities—very likely it is so—the general public are the sufferers. There's lots of room for reform around the railway depots, yet rather than be at any trouble, they will submit to almost any imposition haven't you found it so? Well, well, it's of no use me growling, only I thought you'd like to know these things. Now for a blast at the accommodations—first, second, and third class. In first class carriages, the man of title or means reclines in luxurious ease on spring-bottomed seats, as happy as if in his arm chair at home. He isn't crowded for room, nor bored with knowing who sits next him, because there are but three seats each side and a partition divides one from the other—thus reserved Cossacs. In second class cars there are no gorgeous cushions or damask drapery—everything is plain to a fault, with no other distinction between these and first class, except being partitioned off by sixes; here the clergy, lawyers, and business men ride. In third class cars, no distinction between man and man is visible; all are mixed promiscuously together, the Irishman with his dunce and crotchets, and the mechanic with his white jacket, barragan vest and towzers. In summer they are preferable to second, having more ventilation (oftentimes the roof is taken off entirely) and more sociability; in winter they also have an advantage over the other in being lighted up nights—here goes *our* *pepini*.

"Change here for Liverpool!" shouted from one of the guards, reminds us we have arrived at Smoky Brun, although the smoke itself was proof enough without any further warning. It's an awful place, and as usual with most every large town in England, has its full quota of beggars. A couple of days in all anybody wants here to get the run of streets, there are so few in comparison to London, and after finding a rendezvous between Nineveh and the Cape of Good Hope, with the aid of the *Sporting Life* and a map, it didn't take long to find out the celebrated pugilists' houses, of which a single specimen will be quite enough to see in one day, considering one can't go to these houses without wetting his whistle. Supposing we start with Bob Brettie—it's a go, then.

THE WHITE LION, DOBETH.

Here lives the popular Bob Brettie, where he has kept for many years. Digbeth is a street branching out of Dendard, which commences in an open square called the Bull Ring, (don't get laughing at these odd names, or I'll have to stop over them if you do). On one side the Bull Ring stands the Town Market, where everything, from a bullock to a sewing machine, may be had for cash and cash only. Facing the market is Moor street, celebrated for its prison and theatre; near the prison "Jack the Giant Killer" put up when Howes' circus was in town, and on the corner of the Bull Ring, a couple of days ago, a very bad name, as pretty much all porter houses in that neighborhood have now, and hence he had much to contend against. However, he has managed, by strict integrity, uprightness, and good behavior, to get prejudice set aside, generally speaking, but there are a few mawmies left yet who still look with holy horror on a liquor store, if kept by a pugilist—these are the only enemies in Birmingham. The first thing as you enter is a first-rate old painting of Bob in fighting costume, from which an engraving was gotten up, very inferior to Newbold's fine lithograph from life in different parts of the public bar are portraits of Bob Travers, Johnny Walker, Tom Sykes, Dick Cain, Owen Swift, and a neat framed certificate to the effect that Mr. Bob Brettie is an honorable member of the First class Bowers' Association. Only authenticated. A fine buxom lass tended bar, serving out pots of cooper and porter with a joke or arch smile for all, whether engaged in barrages or fine linen—it was just the same to her. I hadn't much time to spare then, so asked the bar-maid, "Bob was at home, as I wanted to see him," she hailed a little thumper with a "Hill, got and see if the diffence in 'tother room—there's a gentleman wants to see him." "Send him in," was Bob's reply, and I followed the youngster to the back parlor, to meet Bob Travers, Joe Goss, Jack Rooke, Joe Nolan, Peter Morris, Roger Catthley, and Bill Ward, the ruffian who so shamefully assaulted young Ben Count on the 29th of August. It was all over now about getting away quick, because Travers had seen me in London, and introduced your Cabin Boy to Brettie right away. Bob then made me acquainted with those present, as might be expected. We don't go in for pots or mugs here—nary time—Bob insisted on wine all round at his expense, initiated by nearly all present, until a jollier party couldn't be found in the whole town—all very civil, though, for similar numbers to tackle. After drinking our fill, Brettie ordered his cups and belts to be brought from up stairs for inspection; this didn't take long, and he proceeded, with sparkling eye and eloquent tongue, to describe all about them. There were two handsome cups, a large silver-mounted horn used for a snuff-box, and a very costly and magnificent belt—all presented by his fellow townsmen. The belt itself cost £100—was very massive, bearing figures of Bob and his favorite, Roger Crutchby on one knee and John Hodgkins standing, as his favorite seconds; on other tablets are lions and Hercules's, (that's what I say, and mean it) the whole ornamented by a massy plate setting forth all particulars, which you should have if I remembered them. Sir Robert has to be mighty careful to look them up every night or fear they'd turn up missing some morning. Hardly six weeks ago a lot of roughs tried to upset the cab he was in, to get up a row and nail his treasures. This was in Sheffield, where people are "party" even, but Bob was keener, and got away like a humming bee. He generally

keeps them in a show case in the bar parlor for inspection; these valuable and his pictures together make the house quite attractive. Opinions in this room there are Jim Hodgkins, Frank Widdows, Charley Westhall, Mr. D. Joe Nolan, Alec Keene, Jimmy Massey, Bill Hayes, (the only one in existence,) two of Jimmy Shaw, three of Joe Kitchen, the Australian champion, and one of his own, a duplicate of which Bob kindly presented me and attached his autograph there and then; a case of stuffed birds and one or two smaller photographs complete his bar-parlor fixings. Brettie seems to think considerably of Joe Kitchen, or he'd never have sent the boots and colors he fought Sykes in, all the way to Australia—people don't generally go to so much trouble unless they mean it. I had a long private talk with the landlord, and it's his opinion Bill Ryall, ex-photographer, will yet sport England's champion belt—he may be will, and then again may be he won't; he can't never hold it if California John wants it, I'll bet. You are too familiar with Mr. Brettie's history, personal appearance, and recent calamities—the death of his beloved wife and mother-in-law—for me to say anything more about them, but between you and me, Mr. Queen, he almost went crazy over it, although that wasn't generally known. He is now gradually becoming reconciled to his loss, has retired altogether from the ring, and bids fair to retire in a few years, independently rich. No man in or about Birmingham has more friends than Bob Brettie, and he would be as popular in the States as he is here, from what I can judge of the man, should he ever coast out your way—I hope so, any how.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

WORLD'S CONGRESS HANDICAP TOURNEY.—For the 1st and 2d prizes in this interesting passage at arms, Messrs. Deacon and Mackenzie have contested, with the following result:—Mr. Deacon 1; Drawn 2; Mr. Mackenzie 2. This victory gives Mr. M. the 1st prize (£200), Mr. Deacon taking £24 (£30). Hereafter, it will be remembered, took the 3d prize in the first class. The prizes in the second class are not yet fully decided; they are between Messrs. Green, Hannah, and Solomons.

THE PROBLEM TOURNEY.—With such zeal have the Committee labored at their onerous task, that we are assured the decision of the prizes will be made public ere the present Autumn has passed, that the early Winter meetings of the clubs may be enlivened by the presence of the problems themselves, and the award of relative superiority given by the judges. What a collection of gems will be obtainable from this body of more than four hundred and fifty stratagems!

ENIGMA No. 348.

From the Field.

BY E. D. WORMALD, ESQ.

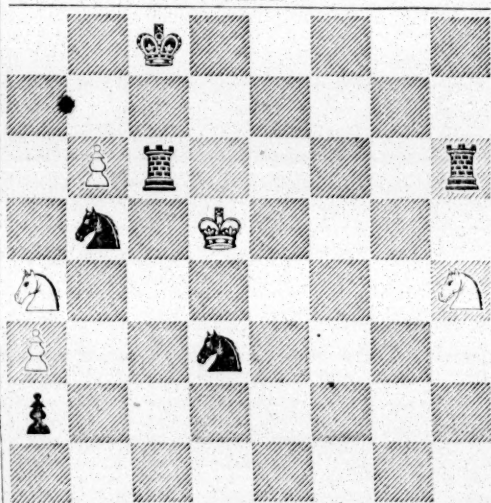
"An ingenious little device."



PROBLEM No. 348.

BY THEO. M. BROWN.

WHITE.



BLACK.

Black to play and give mate in six moves.

GAME No. 348.

Contested in a tournament at the Paulsen Schach Club between our contributor F. Eugene Brenzinger and Mr. J. Schell.

Attack.	Defence.	Attack.	Defence.
1. P to K4	P to K3	14. K to his 5	P to K R3
2. P-K B4	P-Q B4	15. K-Kt-K4	Q-B x Kt
3. P-K B3	P-Q B4	16. Q x Q B	B-Q B4
4. K-Kt-B3	Q-Kt-B3	17. P-K B5	K-P x P
5. K-B-Kt5	Q-B-Q2	18. K-R x P	Q-R-K5
6. K-B x Kt	Q-B x B	19. B-K B4	K-R-K5
7. Castles	P-Q5	20. P-K6	Q-R x P
8. P-Q3	Q-her 2	21. K-Kt-K5	Q-K B2
9. Q-Q3	K-Kt-K2	22. K-R-K5	Kt-B7
10. Q-Kt-B4	Kt-his 3	23. K-R-Bsq	Kt x Q B
11. Q-K2	R-B-K2	24. Q x K Kt	K-B-Q3
12. P-Q B3	Castles, K-R	25. Q-B-K sq	K-R-K sq, and
13. B-P x P	B-P x P		Mr. Schell wins the game.

(a) This move, natural as it looks, weakens the Attack's game and lays him open to counter-attacks, to which the defence is often difficult. The proper move is 3. K-P x P. The game, theoretically, runs thus:

Attack.	Defence.	Attack.	Defence.
1. P to K4	P to K3	8. Q to her K3	Q-Kt to R4
2. P-K B3	P-Q B3	9. Q x Q	R-P x Q
3. P-Q4	Q-Kt-B3	10. K-B-Kt5	Q-B-Q2
4. P-Q B3	Kt-B3	11. K-B x B	K-Kt x B
5. Q-B-K3	Q-her K3		and the game is even.
(1.) K to B3 is equally available for the defence of this position see "Dime Chess Instructor," p. 67.			
(2.) To check with K-B there would be unavailing.			
(3.) The "Handbook" continues this variation thus:—			
5. P to Q B3	P to R3	7. Q-Kt to B2	K-B to K2
6. Q-Kt-B3	Kt-B3	8. P-Q4	Castles, and
	Defence has the preferable game.		
(4.) The Attack is now laboring under a constraint from which he never frees himself.			
(5.) The concentration of force, alike in Attack and Defence, on a single point, is quite a remarkable example of stubborn determination; but it is now getting evident that having exhausted every resource in this final struggle, our contributor is out-generaled and will have to succumb.			

The fifth *partie* of the match between Professor Andersen and Mr. Paulsen.—*Ed.*

THE LOPEZ Kt's GAME.

Prof. Andersen. Mr. Paulsen.

1. P to K4
2. K-Kt-B3
3. K-B-K4
4. P-Q3
5. K-B-K4
6. P-K B3
7. Q-Kt-B3
8. Q-Kt-K2
9. Q-Kt-K2
10. P-Q B3
11. P-Q B3
12. P-Q B3
13. P-Q B3
14. P-Q B3
15. P-Q B3
16. P-Q B3
17. P-Q B3
18. P-Q B3
19. P-Q B3
20. P-Q B3
21. P-Q B3
22. P-Q B3
23. P-Q B3
24. P-Q B3
25. P-Q B3

(*) If this is best, as Herr A. thinks, it does not seem to amount to a great deal.

(1) From the opening as it stands Mr. Paulsen gets in every respect a substantially good and even superior game; but we could wish for a few exemplifications of "Loewenthal's Defence," at the hands of so great and accomplished a master—one whose openings, even in actual encounter, have the precision, force, and authority of analysis.

CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. ALLEN, Roxbury, Mass.—There is a very striking similarity in our recently published positions, and one which was forwarded by Martin, of Boston, accompanying a sketch, entitled "A Midnight Encounter with Joshua Sturges." The colors have been reversed. At present we are inclined to believe this an accidental coincidence. Let us hear from you.

IRISH SPORTING TIMES.—Will give your propositions in our next issue. We are of the opinion that our players will "enter the lists."

EXPRESS, New York.—Nothing left; if so, mislaid.

W. S. KNIGHT.—Entered.

GREEN MOUNTAIN BOY AND ACCEPTANCE.—Propel, gentlemen.

See next week's CLIPPER for Prospects of the "DRAUGHT PROBLEM TOURNAMENT" of Irish Sporting Times.

CARD.—New York, Sept. 1862.—DRAUGHT EDITOR.—Dear Sir: The following position is an original one, having come in actual play, by Wylie, and was published a few months since in a Scotch paper.

Black men on 2, 5, 12, 17, 21; Black king on 10.

White men on 11, 19, 20, 26, 29; White king on 8.

White to play and win.

The following position appeared in a contemporary last week, as original, by H. S.

Black men on 6, 12, 17, 21.

White men on 20, 26, 29; White king on 28.

White to play and win.

Players will see on solving both Positions, that they are alike, and that Mr. S. has stolen his position from Wylie. Draught players seldom get as low as this stealing Positions.

Yours, &c., EXPRESS.

GAME No. 25—VOL. X.

"THE BOTH GO IT BLIND!"

NEW YORK, Sept. 23, 1862.

DRAUGHT EDITOR.—Dear Sir:—The following blindfold game was recently contested by Mr. W. R. Johnson and myself, for a small wager—both blindfold.

GAME—"OUR OWN."

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
W. R. J.	W. S. K.	W. B. J.	W. S. K.
1. P to 10	23 to 10	13. 2 to 6	25 to 22
2. 8 to 11	22 to 17	14. 3 to 11	27 to 23
3. 9 to 14	25 to 22	15. 3 to 8	31 to 26
4. 14 to 18	20 to 25	16. 11 to 16	19 to 15
5. 4 to 8	17 to 14	17. 16 to 19	23 to 16
6. 10 to 17	19 to 10	18. 12 to 19	32 to 27
7. 6 to 15	21 to 14	19. 8 to 12	22 to 18
8. 1 to 6	24 to 19	20. 12 to 16	26 to 22
9. 15 to 24	22 to 15	21. 19 to 23	14 to 10(a)
10. 11 to 18	28 to 19	22. 7 to 14	18 to 2
11. 6 to 10	26 to 22	23. 23 to 32	15 to 11
12. 10 to 26	30 to 14		and by mutual consent we agreed to call it a draw.

(a) I could not have played it better if I had the board in front of me. Respectfully yours, W. S. KNIGHT.

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 25—VOL. X.

BY HARRY LESEURE.

White. Black.

1. 19 to 15 30 to 23

2. 15 to 8, and draws.

47. This position occurred in actual play; but was lost by White, the move made being 26 to 23.

SOLUTION

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1. 19 to 15	10 to 19	7. 27 to 31	13 to 17
2. 11 to 7	2 to 11	8. 31 to 13	30 to 26
3. 8 to 24	5 to 9	9. 13 to 17	26 to 23
4. 24 to 27	9 to 13	10. 17 to 14	23 to 19
5. 26 to 22	17 to 26	11. 14 to 10	19 to 24
6. 29 to 25	21 to 30	12. 10 to 15	24 to 28

See Sturges' first position.

MATCH GAME.

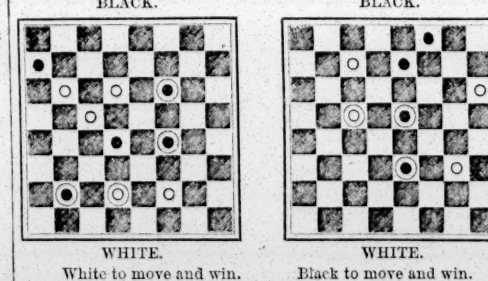
BETWEEN GREEN MOUNTAIN BOY AND ACCEPTANCE.

Black—G. M. B. White—Acceptance.

1. 11 to 15

POSITION No. 26—Vol. X. THE 91st POSITION.

BY A. L. H. OF STURGES.



WHITE. Black to move and win.

WHITE. Black to move and win.

DRAMATIC AND OTHER SKETCHES.

NEW SERIES.—NUMBER TWENTY-FIVE.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN.

WILLIAM BARRYMORE.

Made his first appearance on any stage, Nov. 1827, at Drury Lane Theatre, London, as Bunker, in "The Guerrilla Chief." First appeared in America in 1836, as stage manager of the Bowery Theatre, New York; first appeared in America as an actor, January 28, 1832, at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, in the pantomime of "Mother Goose." Died in Boston, Mass., in 1847.

MRS. WILLIAM BARRYMORE.

Maiden name Adams. Made her first appearance on the American stage, August 29th, 1831, at the Park Theatre, New York, as the Dumb Savoyard, and Miss Jane Transit. Appeared in Boston, October 16th, 1832, at the Warren Theatre, as Camilla in "The Sisters." Made her debut in Philadelphia, February 24th, 1838, at the Walnut Street Theatre, as the Wife, in "The Soldier's Wife, and The Soldier's Widow," for the benefit of her husband. Retired from the stage and opened a dancing academy at Boston, Mass. After her husband's death she returned to London, and lived in retirement.

WATKINS BURROUGHS.

Born in England. Made his first appearance on the stage at the Surrey Theatre, London, under T. Dibdin's management. Made his debut in America, in the fall of 1825, at the Park Theatre, New York, as Harry Dornton, in the "Road to Ruin," at the Chestnut, where the acting and stage manager of the Lafayette Theatre. First appeared in Philadelphia, March 2d, 1825, at the Chestnut, as Romeo. The gentleman possessed no talent above mediocrity. As a regular actor Mr. E. would have been a valuable acquisition to any theatre, but as a star he was entirely out of his element.

He returned to England, and soon after became manager of the small towns of Ireland.

MR. HAMMOND.

Made his debut on the American stage, in the "Merchant of Venice," at Williamsburg, Va. Made his debut in New York, October 10th, 1791, at the John Street Theatre.

MR. HAMMOND.

Born in Wales. Made his first appearance on any stage when quite young, in his native place. In 1860 he crossed the Atlantic and made his debut on the American stage, at Washington, D. C.

MRS. HAMILTON.

Made her debut in New York, in 1791, at the John Street Theatre, as Isabella, in "The Wonder." She remained at this establishment for a long time, was a very useful actress, a universal favorite, and a perfect lady in the private walks of life. Died at Albany, Nov. 15, 1834.

MISS HAMILTON.

Made her first appearance on the American stage, in September 1830, at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, as Juliet, in "Romeo and Juliet." Married a gentleman by the name of M'Dougal; went to Louisville, Ky., and died there.

THOMAS ARCHER.

Born in London. Made his debut in 1828, at the Pavilion Theatre, in his native city. Made his first appearance on the American stage in 1834, at the Park Theatre, New York, as a singer. Died at Chicago, Ill., August 25th, 1851, of cholera.

THOMAS BURKE.

Born in England; came to this country when quite young, under the auspices of a "Starling Actress," made his first appearance on the American stage in 1822, at the Charleston, S. C. Theatre; first appeared in Philadelphia, in 1814, at the Chestnut street Theatre—he became a permanent member of the company and was a great favorite. His debut in New York took place in 1813, with a company of excellent performers, banded together under the title of "The Commonwealth," and playing in opposition to the Park Theatre. He married Miss Thomas, afterwards Mrs. Joseph Jefferson. Died in Baltimore, June 6, 1825.

CHARLES BURKE.

Born in Philadelphia, March 27, 1822; made his first appearance on any stage in 1825, as "Pizarro's child," in "Pizarro," at the Chestnut street Theatre, Philadelphia. He made his debut in New York, at the old National Theatre, Leonard and Church streets, as Prince of Wales, in "Richard III." He soon after left the National and joined the company at the Bowery, making his first appearance as Job in "The Banker's Bill." Made his last appearance in his native city, February 11, 1854, at the Chestnut street Theatre, in the Drama of "Murder the Land Pirate." Died in New York, November 10, 1854, of consumption.

Mr. Burke was considered one of the brightest stars of the Dramatic Firmament. He was an immense favorite wherever he appeared.

JOSEPH W. BREWER.

This celebrated gymnast, died at St. Helena, Napa county, California, on the morning of the 23d of April, 1860, at 9 o'clock and 55 minutes, at the house of Wm. Cogswell, Esq. Mr. B. was a native of Boston, and about 35 years of age; he went to California in 1849, in company with several circus performers, most of whom are now dead. His first appearance there was under a tent erected on the lot where now stands the magnificent store of J. J. Leacock, Esq., Montgomery street, San Francisco. Mr. B. was well known throughout the States as a performer of great merit; his horizontal bar and bottle acts having gained him a great notori

BALL PLAY.

sequence of the license having been forfeited during his father's lifetime. He had, therefore, determined at all times to resist to the utmost any attempt at broils and quarrels. It appeared, that on the night of the 29th of last month, some persons visited the bar at the prosecutor's house, and there, in a very noisy and disorderly manner, which, with considerable difficulty, was quelled by the prosecutor. That matter was, however, quite foreign to the present inquiry, and therefore he will not say more of it. They fine himself to the facts which implicated the prisoner. They were these:—Between eight and nine o'clock the prisoner, went to the prisoner at the bar, accompanied by some persons, the prosecutor's house, and upon entering the house, it seemed the prisoner asked him, "Who struck Patsy Reardon?" It seemed that this Patsy Reardon was the person who had previously created the disturbance at the prosecutor's house. The prisoner, having put the interrogation in a very insulting manner, the prosecutor replied, "I did," adding that "it was no business of the prisoner's," and further stating that he (the prisoner) was not to go to his house. Angry words followed, Mr. Caunt remarking, "Upon it, it was none of your business, leave my house." Subsequently, the prisoner seized a large tumbler, which he threw at the counter, broke the glass against the counter, and Mr. Caunt, thinking he was going to throw it at him, "ducked" down to avoid the missile. When the glass again, the prisoner caught hold of the prosecutor by the hair of the head, and struck him a severe blow behind the ear with the broken glass, which inflicted a most serious wound. Other wounds were inflicted by the prisoner, and, subsequently, some persons who witnessed the assault, paraded the prisoner from the bar, and whilst being conveyed, covered with blood, into the parlor, the prisoner threw two glasses at him, but fortunately none of them hit the prosecutor. One of the glasses was thrown with such violence that upon coming in contact with the wall it was shattered into numerous pieces. Afterward, the prosecutor was taken to Charing Cross hospital, where he was attended by the house surgeon; happily his wounds, which were, however, of a serious character, were not dangerous. The assault was witnessed by the prosecutor's wife, his sister-in-law, his uncle, and a person named Green, who would prove the facts he (Mr. Sleight) had briefly narrated.

Benjamin Butler Caunt said:—I am proprietor of a licensed house, situated at No. 90 St. Martin's-lane. It is known by the sign of the Coach and Horses. On the night of August 29, I returned to my house about eight o'clock in the evening. There was a pugilist named Patsy Reardon in the bar when I got home. Subsequently, and after Reardon had left my house, a man known by the sobriquet of "Mick the Grecian" came in, and shortly afterwards the prisoner came into my house. It would be about nine o'clock when the prisoner came in, and he went into the parlor, where I was sitting down. The prisoner was accompanied by the parlor by "Mick the Grecian" and some other persons. He came up to the table where I was sitting, and said, "Who struck Patsy Reardon?" and I said, "I did." The prisoner then said, "What for?" and I replied, "What's that to you? it is no business of yours." I did not then know the prisoner by name, but I asked a friend of mine present who he was, and my friend informed me that it was Ward, the backer of Reardon, the fighting man. The prisoner afterwards said, "If you struck Reardon with a glass, so help me God, I'll murder you." Afterwards we had a few words, and subsequently "jawed" one against the other, and ultimately I told him that "it was no business of his," and that "Reardon was big enough to take his own part." The result was that I ordered the prisoner and also "Mick the Grecian" out of the house. The prisoner then went out of the parlor in front of the bar, and I remained in my seat in the parlor. Whilst the prisoner was at the bar, I heard loud talking and "jawing," and when he was "holloaing," I went in front of the bar. I subsequently went on the outside portion of the counter, to see what was the matter. When I went round, the prisoner was swearing and saying that he would murder me. I afterwards returned to the inside of the bar, upon which the prisoner said, "You struck Patsy Reardon?" and I said, "I did." The prisoner then said, "For the same reason that I should strike you if you said anything about my mother as he did." The prisoner thereupon seized me by the collar, and said, "God strike me dead, I'll murder you!" Having been informed that he was a dangerous character, I hid hold of him, threw him down, and rushed past him towards the stairs. Thinking of running up stairs, I turned round to see where the prisoner was, and I saw him get hold of a pint tumbler, "holloaing" out and swearing all the time whilst he was breaking it against the counter. He knocked the edge of the glass off against the counter, then rushed towards me, with his arm extended, as though he was about to throw the glass at me. To avoid the glass hitting my head, I ducked down, and when I was getting up, the prisoner seized me by the hair with the left hand, and hit me with the other hand with the broken tumbler behind the ear, and knocked me senseless. He hit me three times with the glass to my knowledge. Whilst he was doing this, he accompanied his violence by saying, "I'm a—tiger when I begin, and I'll show you what I'll do." Whilst the assault was going on, there were several persons (companions of the prisoner) present, who might easily have prevented him continuing the assault if they had chosen. A young man of the name of Jones dragged me away, and a man named William Green dragged the prisoner away. I was removed through the bar-parlor door, and as I was being dragged through I saw the prisoner strike the man named Jones with a glass at the door. The prisoner then seized hold of a quart pot, and before he could throw it, my wife wrenched it out of his hand. The prisoner was perfectly sober at the time. I had not done anything whatever, from beginning to end, to provoke the prisoner to commit the assault. At the time I hit and pushed the prisoner it was done in my own defence to try to get away from him. I had had something to drink, but was sober, and knew perfectly well what I was doing. I was removed to the Charing Cross Hospital, and when I recovered my self, I found myself covered with blood.

In cross-examination by Mr. Pearce, the prosecutor said:—I did not know the name of the prisoner who he first came to my house on the 29th ult. He was familiar to me by sight, but I did not know his name until it was mentioned by my friend. I have not known him personally for the last dozen years. I was not one of the backers of the man who fought Patsy Reardon. I recollect the fight between Reardon and Travers, the black. I don't know when it was, but it was some time this year. I did not back either of them. When I came home on the evening of Aug. 29, Reardon was in my house, and I fought with him in front of the bar, between 8 and 9 P.M. The prisoner was not present at the time. I am in the habit of sitting in my parlor in the evenings. When the prisoner visited my parlor on the night of August 29, it was the first time of his having been there. After the prisoner left the parlor and went in front of the bar, I did not have a glass of ale with him. I was in such a state of sobriety that I could recollect what I had. I had no refreshment whatever with the prisoner. I did not go into the parlor and fight with Mick the Grecian. I did not fight that man, but I did order him out. I did not strike Mick the Grecian a black eye. I will swear I did not touch Mick the Grecian at all. I saw him leave the room. I did not see him leave with his hand covering his eye as though he had been struck. After the prisoner left the parlor I went after him in front of the bar. I never returned again into the parlor before I was struck. I did not see Mick the Grecian come out of the parlor with his hand to his eye, nor did I hear the prisoner say, "What have you struck the little fellow over the eye in that way for?" I cannot say that those words were not used; but I know that Mick the Grecian was not hit. I did not strike Mick the Grecian on the nose, and say that I would serve the prisoner the same. I did not strike the prisoner when he was coming out of the parlor. I did get hold of the prisoner by the hair of the head when he had got the tumbler in his hand. The injuries which I received were not inflicted with a glass in which the prisoner had had gin-and-water supplied to him. When I came out of the parlor I walked straight round the counter, where there were about eight persons. When I was fighting with Reardon there were some seven or eight persons present. I could not say whether the same company were present when the assault was committed, but know that the prisoner was not present when I fought Reardon. My wife and my sister-in-law were serving at the bar. I am not a pugilist, but have challenged to fight the Australian Champion for £100 a side. I have not challenged to fight Reardon for £100. On the day the result was committed, I had been to Aldershot to see a friend. I had not been to see a friend of mine, but I cannot think of his name nor his address. He is a soldier in the south camp. There was a fight on the day the assault was committed, but I was not present at it.

[The above portion of the proceedings contains as much as would be of interest to readers on this side of the Atlantic, and is enough to give an idea of the melee. Robert Caunt, an uncle, and Robert Bryan, a sister of the prosecutor, were on the stand, but nothing new was elicited, and the affair finally resulted in the prisoner being committed for trial to the Central Criminal Court on the charge of cutting and wounding with intent to do grievous bodily harm. Bail was accepted in the prisoner's own recognizance of £200, and two other sureties of £100 each.—Ed. CLIP.]

TREATED TO HIS LIKING.—A countryman went into a store in Boston the other day, and told the keeper that a neighbor of his had entrusted him with some money to be spent to the best advantage, and he meant to do it where he would be treated the best. He had been treated very well in Boston by the traders, and would not part with his neighbor's money until he found a man who would treat him about right. With the utmost civility, the trader says,

"I think I can treat you to your own liking, how do you want to be treated?"

"Well," says the countryman with a leer in his eye, "in the first place I want a glass of toddy," which was forthcoming. "Now I will have a nice cigar," says the countryman. It was promptly handed him, leisurely lighted and then throwing himself back, with his feet as high as his head, he commenced puffing away like a Dutchman.

"Now, what do you want to purchase?" says the storekeeper. "My neighbor handed me two cents when I left home to buy him a plug of tobacco," answered the countryman, "have you the article?"

The storekeeper stopped instantly, and the next that was heard from him was, that his sides were shaking and his face on fire as he was relating the sell to his friends "down town."

THE BASE BALL CONVENTION OF 1892.—Any base ball club desiring of becoming members of the National Association, must present to the recording secretary thereof (J.R. Postley) a written application, signed by the president and secretary of the club, setting forth its name, date of organization, days and places of playing, names of its officers and delegates, and the number of members composing the club, the same to be sent in at least thirty days prior to the meeting of the Convention, which takes place early in December next. The annual dues are but two dollars, the initiation fee being five dollars.

Every club in the country should have its name enrolled on the books of the National Association. No club is recognized as of the fraternity, or bound by the rules of the game, that has not become a member of the Association. It is not necessary that every club in the country should send its delegates every year, as it would be expensive and inconvenient for many to do so, but it is desirable that every existing club should have a name enrolled on the books of the Association, as a member thereof.

There will be an important revision of the rules next season, and we hope to see the fullest representation at the next Convention, that has yet been seen. With a view to promote this object, we give this early notice of the meeting, so that applications for membership may be made in time. Especially we hope to see a full representation of the Philadelphia and Boston clubs present. New clubs have been organized at Hartford, Providence, &c., and one and all should send in their applications. Communications for the secretary, if addressed to the office, will be sent to him. Once again we say, let every base ball club now in existence in the country send its delegates to the next Convention of the National Association of Base Ball Players, to be held in New York the second Wednesday of December next. We see by late foreign papers that a dispute in regard to the rule regulating bowling has led to the adoption of a Parliamentary code of cricket, viz., a Convention similar to our own it having been discovered that that is the only way for making a just and equitable code of rules for the guidance of cricket clubs.

START VS OLYMPIC.—These clubs played their return game together on Saturday, Sept. 13th, which resulted in a victory for the Stars by a score of 18 to 11. The Olympics played much better in this game than in the previous match, in which the Stars beat them by a score of 47 to 24. The score:—

STAR.		BATTLING.		OLYMPIC.	
	R. L. RUNS.		R. L. RUNS.		R. L. RUNS.
Waddell, 1st b.	4	2	VanVleet, 1st b.	2	3
Chappell, r.f.	2	3	Fenn, sr, 2d b.	3	1
Mitchell, c.	3	2	Rushmore, c.	1	2
Chilton, p.	5	1	Condit, 3d b.	4	0
Galpin, 2d b.	3	2	Hotchkiss, r.f.	2	2
Povic, 3d b.	1	2	Wallace, s.	3	3
Thomson, 1st b.	2	3	Blake, c.f.	5	0
McCullough, s.	4	2	T Fenn, jr, p.	3	1
Kelly, c.f.	3	1	Brown, f.	4	1
Total	18		Total	11	

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNING.

1st 2d 3d 4th 5th 6th 7th 8th 9th

Star 3 0 0 6 4 0 4 0 1-18

Olympic 0 5 0 0 1 0 3 2 0-11

Umpire—J. Patchen, of Charter Oak club.

Scores—For Star, G. Chilton; for Olympic, — Baldwin.

MONITOR VS PERRY.—The first games of these clubs played a match on Saturday, Sept. 13th on the Junia's ground, at Hoboken, which resulted in favor of the Monitors, after a well contested game. The playing on both sides was excellent. The following is the score:—

MONITOR.		BATTLING.		PERRY.	
	R. L. RUNS.		R. L. RUNS.		R. L. RUNS.
Heather, 1st b.	2	2	Brown, c.	3	0
Marks, r.f.	4	0	Snodgrass, r.f.	2	1
Broderick, p.	2	2	Renvyle, 2d b.	1	2
Braisted, 1st b.	1	3	Lauterbach, s.	0	3
Kelly, 2d b.	3	1	Stanford, f.	2	1
Solbeck, c.	1	3	Quackenbush, 1st b.	3	0
Flynn, c.f.	3	1	Robins, 3d b.	2	1
Walsh, s.	0	3	Smith, c.	3	0
Levy, 3d b.	2	2	Cowing, p.	2	1
Total	17		Total	9	

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNING.

1st 2d 3d 4th 5th 6th 7th 8th 9th

Monitor 1 3 2 8 2 1 1 1 1-17

Perry 3 3 2 1 0 3 0 0 0-9

Scores—For Monitor—J.G. Kettles; Perry, N. Lemon.

Umpire—Mr. Harrison of Gotham, Jr.

RESOLUTE VS HARLEM.—The first game between these clubs was played on the grounds of the former at Brooklyn, on Sept. 20th, the result being a victory for the Harlems by a score of 25 to 21, in a game of five innings. The Harlems had three substitutes, and did not play one of their best games, and the playing of the Resolutes was much inferior to that which they displayed in the Star match. It was not until the 5th innings that the game was at all interesting, and then some good batting of the Resolutes nearly gave them the victory; but their folding lost them the advantage their good batting had given them. The score was as follows:—

RESOLUTE.		BATTLING.		HARLEM.	
	R. L. RUNS.		R. L. RUNS.		R. L. RUNS.
Taylor, p.	1	4	Hudson, c.	1	4
M Rogers, 2d b.	1	3	Grady, s.	2	3
Cowperthwaite, r.f.	1	2	Rooney, 3d b.	2	3
Allen, 3d b.	1	3	Pages, 1st b.	3	2
Bliss, 1st b.	3	1	Birdsall, p.	4	0
Wilson, f.	3	1	Ketchum, 2d b.	4	0
Crough, c.f.	2	2	Estes, c.	0	4
Stanton, s.	2	2	Stephens, f.	2	2
Vandusen, c.	1	3	Armour, r.f.	1	3
Total	21		Total	25	

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNING.

1st 2d 3d 4th 5th 6th 7th 8th 9th

Resolute 2 3 7 7 6 1 1 1 1-21

Harlem 2 3 7 7 6 1 1 1 1-25

Passed balls—Vandusen, 9; Allen, 4; Taylor, 1; Hudson, 4; Rooney, 1.

Home runs—Hudson, 1; Crough, 1; Allen, 1.

Struck out—Bliss, 1; Wilson, 1; Stanton, 1.

Fly catches missed—Vandusen, 2; Stephens, 1.

Bound catches missed—Cowperthwaite, 1; Vandusen, 1; Stephens, 1.

Run out between bases—Page, by Rogers and Bliss.

Fly catches made—Stanton, 1; Crough, 1; Bliss, 2; Allen, 1; Rogers, 1; Wilson, 1; Stephens, 1; Birdsall, 1.

Time of game—three hours.

Put out on foul balls—Resolutes, twice; Harlems, 4 times.

Umpire—E. McKinstry, of the Eckford.

MONSTER TROUT.—Messrs. Asher Shimer and Josiah Riegel, the latter of the well-known dry goods firm of Riegel, Baird & Co., in Philadelphia, had the good luck recently to catch a trout in the Manocacy creek, in Sacon, Pa., measuring two feet and a half. This is the largest trout ever caught in that part of the country.

BATTLE BETWEEN A BULL AND GRIZZLY BEAR.

The following incidents occurred in 1849. The officer had lost his mule, and was on foot when he witnessed the fight he thus describes. Here is the story of it:—

After losing my mule, I had proceeded on foot a couple of miles, when I discovered that a large band of Spanish cattle, which had been visible for some time in the distance, began to close in toward the line of my route, evidently with the intention of cutting me off. Their gestures were quite hostile enough to inspire a solitary and unarmed footman with uneasiness. A fierce-looking bull led the way, followed by a lowering regiment of stags, steers, and cows, crowding one upon the other in their furious charge. As they advanced, the leader occasionally stopped to tear up the earth and shake his horns; but the mass kept crowding on, their tails switching high in the air, and uttering the most fearful bellowing, while they tossed their horns and stared wildly, as if in mingled rage and astonishment. I had heard too much of the wild cattle of California, and their hostility to men on foot at this season of the year, not to become at once sensible of my dangerous position.

The nearest tree was half a mile to the left, on the margin of a dry creek. There was a grove of small oaks winding for some distance along the banks of the creek; but between the spot where I stood, and this place of security, scattering bands of cattle were grazing. However, there was no time to hesitate upon a choice of difficulties. Two or three hundred wild cattle, rushing toward one in an open plain, assist him in coming to a very rapid conclusion. I know of no position in which human strength is of so little avail—the tremendous aggregation of brute force opposed to one feeble pair of arms, seems so utterly irresistible. I confess instinct lent me a helping hand in this emergency. Scarcely conscious of the act, I ran with all my might for the nearest tree. The thundering of heavy hoofs after me, and the furious bellowing that resounded over the plain, spread a contagion among the grazing herds on the way, and with one accord they joined in the chase. It is in no spirit of boastfulness that I assert the fact, but I certainly made that half-mile in as few minutes as ever the same distance was made by mortal man. When I reached the tree I looked back. The advance body of the cattle were within a hundred yards, bearing down in a whirlwind of dust. I lost no time in making my retreat secure. As the enemy rushed in, tearing up the earth, and glaring at me with their fierce, wild eyes, I had gained the fork of the tree, about six feet from the ground, and felt very thankful that I was beyond their reach. Still, there was something fearful in being blockaded in such a place for the night. An intolerable thirst parched my throat. The effects of the exertion were scarcely perceptible at first, but as I regained my breath, it seemed impossible to exist an hour longer without water. In this valley the climate is so intensely dry during the summer heats, that the juices of the system are quickly absorbed, and the skin becomes like a sheet of parchment. My head felt as if compressed in a band of iron; my tongue was dry and swollen. I would have given all I possessed, or ever hoped to possess, for a single glass of water.

While in this position, with the prospect of a dreary night before me, and suffering the keenest physical anguish, a very singular circumstance occurred to relieve me of further apprehension respecting the cattle, though it suggested a new danger for which I was equally unprepared. A fine young bull had descended to the bed of the creek in search of a water hole. While pushing his way through the bushes, he was suddenly attacked by a grizzly bear. The struggle was terrific. I could see the tops of the bushes sway violently to and fro and hear the heavy crash of drift wood, as the two powerful animals writhed in their fierce embrace. A cloud of dust rose from the spot. It was not distant over a hundred yards from the tree in which I had taken refuge. Scarcely two minutes elapsed before the bull broke through the bushes. His head was covered with blood, and great flakes of flesh were seen to fall. Instantly he sought to seek an open space. A splendid specimen of an animal I never saw; lithe and wiry, yet wonderfully massive about the shoulders, combining the rarest qualities of strength and symmetry. For a moment he stood glaring at the bushes, his head erect, his eyes flashing, his nostrils distended, and his whole form fixed and rigid. But scarcely had I time to lance at him when a huge bear, the largest and most formidable I ever saw in a wild state, broke through the bushes.

A trial of brute force that baffles description, now ensued. Badly as I had been treated by the cattle, my sympathies were greatly in favor of the bull, which seemed to me to be much the nobler animal of the two. He did not wait to meet the charge; but, lowering his head, boldly rushed upon his savage adversary. The grizzly was active and wary. He no sooner got within reach of the bull's horns than he seized them in his powerful grasp, keeping the head to the ground by main length and the tremendous weight of his body, while at the nose with his teeth, and raked stripes of sh from the shoulders with his hind paws. The two animals must have been of very nearly equal weight. On one side, there was the advantage of superior agility and two sets of weapons—the teeth and claws; but on the other, greater powers of endurance, and more inflexible courage. The position thus assumed was maintained for some time—the bull struggling desperately to free his head, while the blood streamed from his nostrils—the bear straining every muscle to drag him to the ground. In advantage seemed to be gained on either side. The result of the battle evidently depended upon the merest accident.

As if by mutual consent, each gradually ceased struggling, to regain breath, and as much as five minutes must have elapsed while they were locked in this motionless but terrible embrace. Suddenly the bull, by one desperate effort, wrenched his head from the grasp of his adversary, and retreated a few steps. The bear stood up to receive him. I now watched with breathless interest, for it was evident that each animal had staked his life upon the issue of the conflict. The cattle from the surrounding plains had crowded in, and stood moaning and bellowing around the combatants; but as if withheld by terror, none seemed disposed to interfere. Rendered furious by his wounds, the bull now gathered up all his energies and charged with such impetuous force and ferocity, that the bear, despite the most terrific blows with his paws, rolled over in the dust, vainly struggling to defend himself. The lunges and thrusts of the former were perfectly furious. At length, by a sudden and well-directed motion of his head, he got one of his horns under the bear's belly, and gave it a rip that brought out a clotted mass of entrails. It was apparent the battle must soon end. Both were grievously wounded, and neither could last much longer. The ground was torn up and covered with blood for some distance around, and the panting of the struggling animals became each moment heavier and quicker. Maimed and gory, they fought with the desperate certainty of death—the bear rolling over and over, vainly striking out to avoid the fatal horns of his adversary—the bull ripping, thrusting, and tearing with irresistible ferocity.

At length, as if determined to end the conflict, the bull drew back, lowered his head, and made one tremendous charge; but blinded by the blood that trickled down his forehead, he missed his mark, and rolled headlong on the ground. In an instant the bear whirled and was upon him. Thoroughly invigorated by the prospect of a speedy victory, he tore the flesh in huge masses from the ribs of his prostrate foe. The two rolled over and over in the terrible death struggle; nothing was now to be seen save a heaving, gory mass, dimly perceptible through the dust. A few minutes would certainly have terminated the bloody strife, so far

as my favorite was concerned, when, to my astonishment, I saw the bear relax in his efforts, roll over from the body of his prostrate foe, and drag himself feebly a few yards from the spot. His entrails had burst entirely through the wound in his belly, and now lay in long strings over the ground. The next moment the bull was on his legs, erect and fierce as ever. Shaking the blood from his eyes, he looked around, and seeing the reeking mass before him, lowered his head for the final and most desperate charge. In the death struggle that ensued, both animals seemed animated by supernatural strength. The grizzly struck out wildly, but with such destructive energy, that the bull, upon drawing back his head, presented a horrible and ghastly spectacle; his tongue, a mangled mass of shreds, hanging from his mouth, his eyes torn completely from their sockets, and his whole face stripped to the bone. On the other hand, the bear was ripped completely open, and writhing in his last agonies. Here it was that indomitable courage prevailed; for, blinded and maimed as he was, the bull, after a momentary pause to regain his wind, dashed wildly at his adversary again, determined to be victorious even in death. A terrific roar escaped from the dying grizzly. With a last frantic effort he sought to make his escape, scrambling over and over in the dust. But his strength was gone. A few more thrusts from his savage victim, and he lay stretched upon the sand, his muscles quivering convulsively, his huge body a restless mass. A clutched motion of the claws—a groan—a gurgle of the throat, and he was dead.

The bull now raised his bloody crest, uttered a deep, bellowing sound, shook his horns triumphantly, and slowly walked off, not, however, without turning every few steps to renew the struggle if necessary. But his last battle was fought. As the blood streamed from his wounds, a death chill came over him. He stood for some time, unyielding to the last, bracing himself up, his legs apart, his head gradually drooping; then dropped on his fore knees, and lay down; soon his head rested upon the ground, his body became motionless; a groan, a few convulsive respirations, and he, too, the noble victor, was dead.

During this strange and sanguinary struggle, the cattle, as I stated before, had gathered in around the combatants. The most daring, as if drawn toward the spot by the smell of blood, or some irresistible fascination, formed a circle within twenty or thirty yards, and gazed at the murderous work that was going on, with startled and terror-stricken eyes; but none dared to join in the defence of their champion. No sooner was the battle ended, and the victor and the vanquished stretched dead upon the ground, than a panic seized upon the excited multitude, and by one accord they set up a wild bellowing, switched their tails in the air, and started off at full speed for the plains. I was thus fortunately released from imprisonment in the tree, and continued my journey towards San Miguel.

"A HOSS AS WAS A HOSS."

A friend, recently purchased a fine horse, which had been owned by a stove dealer, and often amused his friends, when out driving, by drawing up the reins at the top of a steep hill, and then calling out to "Fan" to be careful of her load. "She would obey the command instantly, choosing the surest ground at every footstep, and guarding against the slightest jar which could tend to affect her load. Her success was remarkable; glass itself would have escaped uninjured in her care.

In her new home "Fan" was used only as a carriage horse. One day she was by mistake harnessed to the plough, and driven out to work. Her spirits seemed greatly depressed by this treatment, and she tried her best to rid herself of the burden. Just then Mr. W. appeared at the opposite side of the field. Fan saw him, and her animation returned instantly. Leaving the furrows, she trotted towards him, complaining in the most mournful tone of the wrong she fancied she had received. Her whole appearance was ludicrous in the extreme, and when she reached him, she actually laid her head against his shoulder in a cooing way, and went on with her complaints very much like a whining child. Mr. W. was too much amused by her performance to neglect the plough, he released her from the plough, and she trotted off to the stable like a colt.

What she evidently considered her own business was always well done. One morning, while Mr. W. was taking a drive with his sister and child, she stopped abruptly at the top of the first hill, and stood there regardless of the whip which she usually feared. Mr. W. descended from the carriage and examined the harness. "All tight," said he, "and now, Fan, go ahead; we've no time for your whims." Fan was resolute; no amount of coaxing or whipping would stir her. "What does she mean?" inquired Mr. W., who was too well accustomed to her knowing ways to suspect her of being in the wrong. He set himself to work once more to ascertain what she was trying to have him understand. He discovered, after much painstaking, that a very important buckle in the harness had been broken, and did not hold. He supplied its place by tying it with a stout string which he was fortunate enough to have about him.

"I cannot tell how the creature found it out," said he, musingly, "but if she had started down the hill, we should have been dashed to pieces."

At another time, two friends visiting him were driving out, and became so much absorbed in conversation as to forget for a time where the horse was taking them; but Fan allowed no reveries to divert her attention from her business. The road made a certain turn at a point where the remainder of it for some distance was concealed from sight by trees and shrubs. Here she drew up with a jerk that aroused her driver. He called out to her, but she stood firm. He applied the whip—he might as well have essayed to move a stone.

"What are you about?" he demanded. All the echoes of the New Hampshire hills answered for her, as a train thundered by, so near him that a step or two onward would have been pure destruction. Mr. S., a neighbor, once owned an old sorrel horse, worn out by years of farm service, and apparently beyond those sudden outbreaks of spirit which our more youthful friends indulge in. The boys in the family were not slow to avail themselves of such a good opportunity for teasing the poor brute. One day a little fellow about six years old followed his grandfather to the barn, and mounting "Old Sorrel," began to spur the unwilling creature about the yard. As he was stiff and sore from previous attacks, his droll attempt at a gallop doubtless amused the young rogue upon his back, and induced him to apply his heels and fists in such earnest that the patient brute was roused to resistance. A pool of water in the centre of the yard afforded him an opportunity for giving his young tormentor a proof of his spirit. Rushing towards it, he suddenly wheeled about and landed the boy in the deepest spot; and then, as if to assure him that his fall was by no means an accidental one, he caught him in his teeth, and deliberately held him under water until his grandfather's hasty arrival rescued the child from his disagreeable and dangerous situation.

We trust this condign punishment taught the young rogue a good lesson. The child or man who can deliberately torture an animal, deserves a thorough washing in some such pool, and many an "Old Sorrel's" verdict would doubtless be, "Served him right."

A MAKE SHIFT.—A friend of ours, who is travelling through the New-England States, having left an article belonging to his wardrobe at a hotel where he had stopped one night, wrote to the chambermaid to forward it to him by express, and received the following answer:—

"Hoping, dear sir, you'll not feel hurt, I'll frankly tell you all about it—I've made a shift of your old shirt, and you must make a shift without it."

BACHELOR'S HALL.

FROM THE IRISH.

Bachelor's Hall! what a queer looking place it is! Kape me from such all the days of my life! Sure, but I think, what a terrible disgrace it is, Never at all to be getting a wife.

See the old bachelor gloomy and sad enough, Placing his tayltike over the fire. Soon it tips over—St. Patrick! he's mad enough, (If he were present) to fight with the squire.

Now, like a hog, in a mortar bed wallowing, (Awkward enough see him kneading his dough.) Troth, if the bread he could eat without swallowing, How it would favor his palate you know.

His dishcloth is missing—the pigs are devouring it; In the pursuit he has broken his shin; A plate wanted washing—grimalkin is scouring it; Thunder and turf, what a pickle he's in!

Pots, dishes, and pans, such grossy commodities, Ashes and pratie skins kiver the floor; His cupboard's a storehouse of comical oddities, Things that had never been neighbors before.

His meal being over, the table's left sitting so; Dishes take care of yourselves if you can, But hunger returns, then he's roaming and fretting so, Och! let him alone for a baste of a man!

Late in the night he goes to bed shivering, Never a bit is the bed made at all; He creeps like a toad under the kiverin', Bad luck to the picture of Bachelor's Hall.

TRAINING;
HOW, WHEN, AND WHAT TO DO.

BY CHARLES WESTHALL.

CHAPTER III.

In the old system of training, the method appeared to be work and sweating, sweating and work, until in almost every case, the patient—for he could be called by no other name—was jaded to the extreme, and although enabled to go through any amount of slow work without crying "Hold—enough," he had lost that elasticity of muscle which would have enabled him to make useful rushes during his race, as well as to progress further in the match, before the staying qualities were brought into requisition. That the race of men cannot have degenerated during the last thirty years is most certain, but that the improvement of their paces have progressed in a most marked degree is patent to every one. Thirty years ago, six miles an hour was considered as almost the acme of perfection, to which the walking pace of a man could be brought; and when the pedestrian, in a few cases, was a minute or so within that time, his name was chronicled in all the sporting journals as a phenomenon. Under the present code of rules, seven miles in the sixty minutes is looked upon as play for youths, who at the present time accomplish that feat in almost every pedestrian encounter. Again, ten miles in the hour, running, was likewise considered extraordinary, as £50 was always ready at Manchester, for the man who could accomplish that distance in the hour; and until about twenty years back, the Manchester sportsmen were invariably successful. With in these few years, eleven miles have been accomplished in an hour's match in one instance, although ten miles have been run in such time that left a margin sufficient to have allowed more to have been completed. Again, in a mile's distance, five minutes was almost the utmost speed attained until within the last few years, when the full distance has been performed under the short time of four minutes and twenty-three seconds by two men, and the winner only succeeded in snatching the victory by one yard. These instances prove that the exploded system must have been radically wrong, and that the present one must have many redeeming points, which have enabled the deteriorated race of men (?) to accomplish feats of which the pedestrians of the old school would never have thought of in their dreams. The old method of training must have frightened away many an aspirant for pedestrian honors, and when we give an explanation of the process through which a man was supposed to pass through before he was considered fit and well, we are certain that our readers will agree and concur with us in our sentiments. When a man had entered into an engagement to accomplish a distance in a certain time, he was immediately drenched with Glauber salts in large doses on alternate days, until the stomach was supposed to be sufficiently emptied, and after this, as frequently as happened, should there be any symptom of feverishness or hardness about the bowels, the additional misery of the emetic was forced upon him. After undergoing these preliminary small attentions, he was taken to his training quarters, and placed under the care of a severe trainer, who had a number of recipes by heart, the number of which, in many instances, constituted his chief merit in the eyes of his employers, and to which he most religiously adhered, right or wrong, advancing as an argument, that the man whom he had trained last had faithfully followed his instructions, and had won his race through his bottom, when the chances were, that had the learned empiric not been his attendant, he would have won easily.

The new, or rather the modern system, if it can be so called, shall be shown in full in the following chapters.

CHAPTER IV.

The first aim of the trainer ought to be to endeavor to prepare the body of his man by gentle purgatives for the extra exertion which he must undergo before he is in a fit state to struggle with a chance of success through any arduous task. The number of purgatives recommended by trainers are legion, but the simpler will always be found to be the safest as well as the most effectual. The internal portion of a man's frame, therefore, being in a healthy condition, the athlete must then commence training in earnest, and if he is bulky or of obese habits he has no light task before him. If he has to train for a long distance match, the preparation would be almost similar whether for walking or running. He must rise early in the morning, so that he can be enabled to move about in the open air for an hour, after having had his bath, either shower or otherwise, previous to his breakfast, which ought to consist of dry bread or toast, and either a mutton chop or mutton cutlet, and washed down by a cup or two of tea, with but little milk, and if totally without, the better. After having rested for a sufficient time to allow the process of digestion to take place, the time will have arrived for reducing the mass of fat, which would otherwise impede every action of the muscles and blood-vessels. According to the strength of his man the trainer must calculate the quantity of clothing and the length of distance to be accomplished. At the commencement of the work, a sharp walk of a couple of miles out and a smart run home is as much as would be advisable to risk. On his late arrival at the training quarters, no time should be lost in divesting him of his wet clothes, and after a good rubbing, he should lie down in bed between blankets and then be rubbed until his skin is perfectly dry. In a few days he will be able to increase the distance to double the first few attempts, and with greater ease to himself. On again dressing, he must be always on the move, and as the feeling of fatigue passes away, he will be anxiously waiting for the summons to dinner, which should consist of some plain joint, either of beef or mutton, stale bread or toast accompanied by a draught of sound old ale, the quantity of which must be regulated by the judgment of the trainer—the less, however, the better. After a rest of an hour's duration, the ped should stroll about slowly for an hour or two, and then divesting himself of his usual clothes, should don his racing drawers and shoes, and practice some portion of the distance, either running or walking as the case may be. In this the judgment of the trainer is most requisite, that he may be able to encourage his man when performing successfully, or to stop him when

exerting himself uselessly. The rule of always stopping when the ped has all his power expended, and yet the watch shows that the pace is not good, should never be broken, as the man who struggles on, however game he may be or however well in health, takes more of the steel out of himself than days of careful nursing can restore. He will also be able to try his powers with renewed energy on the succeeding day. After the spin, another good hard rubbing should be administered, and the work of the day be considered almost at an end. After tea, which should consist of dry bread or toast and tea, as at breakfast, and if the man has a good appetite, a new-laid egg or two would not be amiss; if in the summer, a gentle walk will assist to pass away the time until bedtime, which should be at an early hour. Another good rubbing should then be administered, and the man left to his repose, which will in almost every instance be sound. The above are the almost daily rules which constitute the foundation of training; but they require to be modified in many instances, which must be left to the judgment of the trainer. For instance, the man has had too much sweating, in consequence of which he is getting weak, and, in the professional term, training off. This will be found out by the muscles getting flaccid and sunken, as well as continual thirst, with patches of red in different parts of the body. These symptoms tell the skillful trainer that rest must be given to the pedestrian, as well as a relaxation from the strict rule of diet. A couple of days' rest from hard work will in most cases prove successful, and far preferable to flying to purgatives for relief. When the shins are sore and the muscles stiff and cramped after continued hard work, hand rubbing, with some stimulating embrocation, before a good fire, will in most cases remove the soreness. The length of time which will be required by a young, healthy man will be from six weeks to two months, but longer than that would be preferable—not to increase the good condition of the man, but to enable the ped when well and in perfect condition, to have time for practice—for, however fit a man may be, if unpracticed he would have no chance of success. The chief rules of training, therefore, are regularity, moderate work, and abstinence; the other adjuncts are but the embellishments to the useful rules.

In training for running a long distance, say from four to ten miles, the man should most decidedly practice daily, for the shorter length, going the whole distance, and for the longer varying the distance according to his state of health on the day, as well as whether the weather be favorable or otherwise. For a short length, a spurt of from a hundred yards to two hundred, the ped will not require such an amount of severe work, but the distance must be accomplished at least once daily at top speed. The same rules will apply to the intermediate distances up to a quarter of a mile, (440 yards) beyond which more work will be required. In the preparation for a walking match, there should be no running in the exercise taken; the sweats even should be taken at a walking pace, but at the sweater's best speed. A continued practice of this rule will enable the ped to persevere, notwithstanding all the aches and pains attendant on the proper training for a walking match, and which every man must undergo before he can reckon on being considered a fast and fair walker. The same rules will be found most serviceable and correct for the guidance of the rowing amateur or waterman who may have to contend on the water for any prize, whether wager or otherwise, the time and length of practice, of course, being at the discretion of the trainer. The pugilist must vary his exercise by the use of the dumb bells, as well as strengthening the muscles of his shoulders by the daily practice of hitting a sack stuffed and swinging from a beam, and by continual runs, which, as he improves in condition, may be lengthened with advantage to the pugilist, who must per force strictly attend to the trainer's laws, in consequence of in most instances being restricted to a weight. In fact, the benefit of even a partial training would be felt by the admirers of all athletic sports, in consequence of the increased elasticity and development of the muscles, healthy action of the brain, and the steady current of life-tide in the veins and arteries, which would give the quickness of sight to perceive, and the bodily strength to execute any advantage offered them. The cricketer would bowl and bat with greater certainty, as well as prove himself a host at fielding, the pedestrian on a tour for pleasure would be without most of the drawbacks usually attendant on the novice commencing his trip, the shot would prove more deadly in his aim, the rower would find success more frequently to attend his exertions, and the volunteer would be able to go through an arduous field day without being jaded, as well as his aim in shooting at long ranges being more accurate. The advantages to be derived from training are too numerous to be mentioned. We have stated the principal groundwork of training which will enable any man of average health and strength to compete with advantage in any sport to which his bent may incline him. It therefore only remains to inculcate the last and by no means least of the rules to be observed, which is nearly total rest during the last three days, by which means the muscles become fuller of blood, thus regaining their elasticity, the man loses all inclination for drinking, his mind becomes at ease, the tendons recover their healthy action, and, in fact, he becomes a totally different individual from the same party a few days previously. Many and many a race has been lost to the man, and money to the backers, by all the steel being taken out of the man in his final trial, sufficient time not having been allowed for recovering from his exertion. The work to be taken must be at the discretion of the trainer, but at least two miles ought to be covered before breakfast, then from eight to twelve miles between breakfast and dinner, and after that time, when not having a trial, the man should move about, but not to be allowed to exert himself to an extent that would induce him to sweat. By this means he would easily accomplish twenty miles a day, which will be about the average distance accomplished by most men when in training. Having now given the principal features attending training, a description of the different modes of sweating will not be out of place.

CHAPTER V.

The old system of sweating by drenches, &c., is almost entirely exploded, and although, when a man at the commencement requires severe remedies to reduce his superfluous fat, the feather bed and blankets are brought into requisition for once or twice, yet the continued use of the flannel friction and lying in the blankets will in most instances prove successful, and without weakening the ped, who has gained strength in an equal ratio from the work taken to induce the perspiration. If he should be timid of breaking down from any previous infirmity, or should not have sufficient time for the usual course, the Turkish bath would be of great assistance; but as a rule, it must be weakening when carried out regularly, although in more than one instance the use of them has enabled the pedestrian to go to the mark apparently fit, but in most instances the opposite has been the result. A fresh system has arisen of late, and at present, great success has attended the practice of the man when he has run until his skin is in a perfect state of moisture, throwing off his reeking flannels, and, hot and panting as he is, taking a cold shower bath, after which he is thoroughly rubbed down with coarse towels and flesh gloves. The shower bath closes the pores of the skin which were before opened, and the reaction of the blood destroys all feeling of fatigue, and the ped feels himself prepared again to accomplish his previous task. This practice has many advocates, as all who have had the courage to try the experiment have never repented, and still continue to take their sweat and shower daily.

Sweating is a remedy for obesity, which should by all possible means be avoided, when used to the extent practiced by some trainers, who advocate profuse sweating, to save trouble as well as show their skill (?) in getting

the flesh off quickly; the patient then becomes feverish—he cannot abstain from drinking, which is the cause of another severe sweat becoming imperative, and the evil is fluctuating daily; weight being taken off in the morning, and added again in the afternoon, to the detriment of the man, who will finally lose his appetite, the muscles become relaxed, and the least exertion will produce profuse sweating.

Great care should be taken that the boots worn by the man training should be of the best make, with plenty of width, and sufficient length, that his joints may not be cramped, and his toe nails have plenty of scope for action. The socks or stockings ought to be of lamb's wool; and the under clothing of fine lamb's wool likewise.

CHAPTER VI.

MEDICINES, OILS, ETC.

The best remedies for any ailment to the man in training, will be always found in the simplest. When he requires a purgative, a couple of common anti-bilious pills over night, and half a tumbler of warm infusion of senna next morning will, in most cases, prove efficacious and active. When the senna does not agree, which will be but seldom, a remedy can be found in castor oil, which should be obtained from a respectable chemist, perfect rubbish in many instances being foisted on the unwary buyer, and the prescription is blamed for the knavery of the physic vendor. A remedy which has proved of great efficacy will be found in Gregory's powder, which consists of equal portions of powdered rhubarb, calcined magnesia, and powdered ginger. A desertspoonful, mixed with water, is a dose, and it is a fine purgative and stomachic combined. Epsom salts is, of course, too well known to need comment. The stimulating embrocation, the use of which has invariably crowned with success, is of the simplest form, it being in the power of any one to compound. The ingredients are:—

Spirits of wine a quarter of a pint.

Spirits of turpentine a quarter of a pint.

White vinegar a quarter of a pint.

Mix the above ingredients thoroughly, and place before the fire until slightly warm. Beat up thoroughly a new-laid egg, and mix gradually with the spirits, etc., taking great care that the bottle is well shaken from time to time.

Thirst can be alleviated by taking a small portion of powdered nitre on the tongue, which will at once cause a free flow of saliva; but, if possible, the best plan is to well bathe the hands and arms, which always acts like magic as a remedy.

A TAX BILL FOR THE LADIES.—Since the passage of the tax bill, the following amendments have been suggested as appropriate, by a correspondent, who hopes that congress will reconsider the bill, and add his amendments. He says:—

Since the report of the tax bill was published, several amendments have been proposed, as follows:—

For kissing a pretty girl, \$10.

For kissing a homely one, \$12—the extra amount being added probably as a punishment to the man's folly.

For ladies kissing each other, \$10—the tax is placed at this rate in order to break up the custom altogether, it being regarded by our M.C. as a piece of inexcusable absurdity.

For every flirtation, 10 cents.

Every young man who has but one "gal" to be taxed \$5.

For courting in the kitchen, 25 cents.

Courting in the sitting room, 50 cents.

Courting in the parlor, \$1, and 50 cents for each offence thereafter.

Seeing a lady home from church, 6 cents—the proceeds to be appropriated to the relief of disabled army chaplains.

For a lady who paints, 50 cents.

For wearing low-necked dresses, \$1.

For each curl on a lady's head above ten, 5 cents.

For every unfair device for entrapping young men into the sin of matrimony, \$5.

For wearing hoops larger than ten feet in circumference, 8 cents per hoop.

Old bachelors over thirty, \$15, over forty, \$20, over fifty, \$50, and sentence of banishment to Utah.

Each pretty lady is to be taxed from 25 cents to \$25—she to fix the estimate on her own charms. It is thought that a very large amount will be realized from this provision.

OLD BACHES OVER THIRTY, \$15, over forty, \$20, over fifty, \$50, and sentence of banishment to Utah.

Each pretty lady is to be taxed from 25 cents to \$25—she to fix the estimate on her own charms. It is thought that a very large amount will be realized from this provision.

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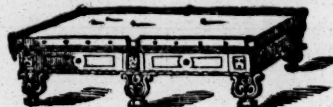
HELEN OF TROY—CANTO XL.

So Helen bade a long farewell to Troy Leaving its precincts with supreme regret; The years she spent there had been full of joy; There her doting lover first she met; But an affectionate and lovely boy Now claimed her care, forbidding her to fret. The coach arrived—her heart leaped to her mouth; She took her seat, and started for the South.

It is impossible to survey a lady whose skin is disfigured either by Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Sallowness, Sunburn, Ringworm, Redness, Roughness, Rashes, Chaps, Chafes, Cracked Flesh or other like deformities, without a feeling of "supreme regret" that she avails herself not of GOURAUD'S wonderful ITALIAN MEDICATED SOAP, which is well known not only to be a certain remedy for these evils, but, moreover, to possess the power of making the skin dazzlingly white, smooth and transparent. For the nursery nothing can equal this soap, as its healing properties exert a marvellous influence in allaying the pain of chafed and chapped limbs. GOURAUD'S HAIR RESTORATIVE will positively preserve the hair, and restore it to places where it has fallen off, besides imparting to harsh hair a rich silkiness and gloss. GOURAUD'S POUDRE SUBTILE will remove every superfluous hair from any part of the body. GOURAUD'S LILY WHITE INSTANTANEOUSLY realizes delicate white necks, hands, and arms, rendering them smooth and soft. GOURAUD'S LIQUID DYE will convert red or gray hair to a jet black or dark brown the instant it is applied, without staining the skin.

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